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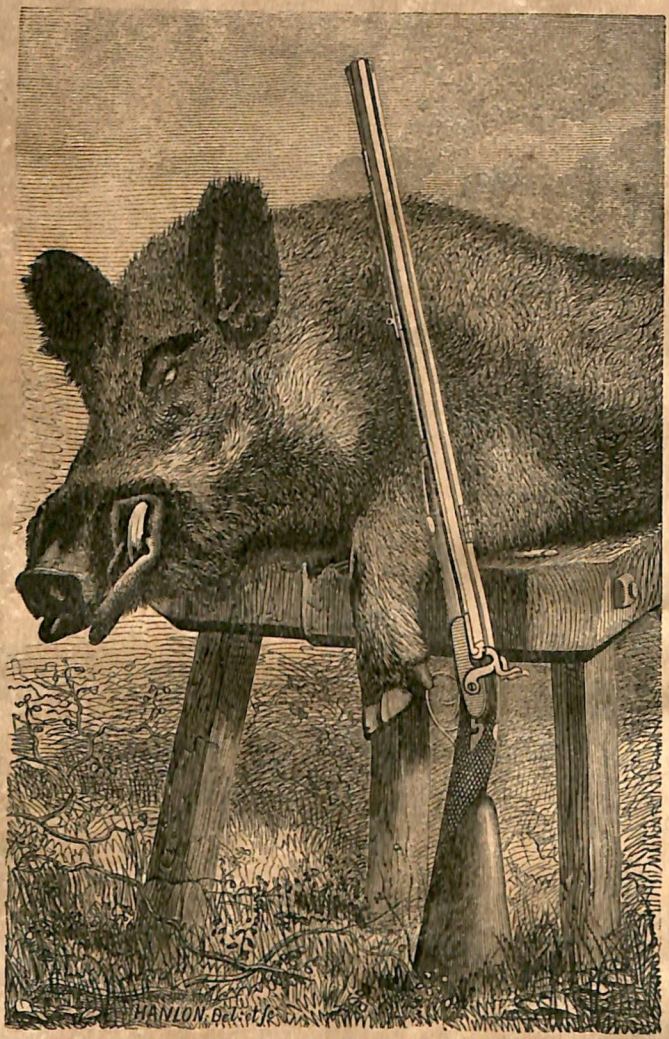
THE CRUISE OF THE EVA.



AN ALBANIAN BOAR KILLED AT BUTRINTO IN 1860.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR S——

THE

CRUISE OF THE R. Y. S. EVA.

BY

ARTHUR KAVANAGH.

6C477
ac.

With Frontispiece,

AND

SIXTEEN TINTED ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

SOME time ago an editorial remark in the "Field" newspaper caught my eye, expressing regret that none of the many yachtsmen, who visited foreign countries, ever gave their experiences to the public. The thought occurred to me to try what I could do, and the few following pages are the result. I believe I break new, or very nearly new ground, in giving a description of a shooting cruise about the Albanian shores; for, although many have visited the same places, and no doubt made larger bags of pigs and woodcocks than I can record, they have kept their adventures to themselves, leaving that coast an unknown region to all, save those who, like themselves, have scaled its rugged hills and dragged through its thorny jungles. If

the few hints that I have given turn out hereafter of use to those who may be tempted to try their fortune in Albania, I shall consider my trouble amply repaid.

For the photograph from which the frontispiece is taken, I am indebted to an officer of the Corfu garrison; the other views are from photographs that I took myself.

Borris House, Co. Carlow,

November, 1864.

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THE CRUISE OF THE EVA.

CHAPTER I.

Introduces our ship, ourselves, and our dogs to the reader; our object in view, and some of our means of attaining thereto.

WEDNESDAY, the 29th day of October, in the year of grace 1862, dawned upon slumbering mortals with a daybreak as watery-looking as one could wish to see, always excepting that it was not raining, a circumstance which is supposed to be rather worthy of note in Ireland. It was just the sort of dawn one often sees after a gale of wind, as if dame Nature, being rather ashamed of what she had done, was more inclined to cry than laugh. Flat, calm, greasy, streaky-looking clouds, through which might be seen here and there a very feeble attempt at a blue sky; a sun that looked as if he had been drunk over night; heavy masses of vapour hanging lazily over the water, and various other equally lively symptoms, upon which any one

accustomed to watch the weather could put but the one construction, namely, that although the gale was over and the wind had fallen, it was but gathering its forces for another blow. Such was the morning on which the faint rays of the dissipated old sun, having attempted to light up the picturesque ruins of Dunbrody Abbey, also attempted to tinge with his ruby gold the taper masts, gossamer-like rigging, and long low hull of a schooner yacht, as she lay at anchor in the Waterford river, at the juncture of the Suir and Barrow, commonly known as Cheek Point, a place where I have spent many a day waiting for the S. W. wind to give us a slant out.

So it was in the present instance. The dawn I have attempted to describe was the fifth that had discovered us, waiting and hoping—hoping and waiting for any wind that was not a regular gale in our teeth. At last our hopes seemed less unreasonable, and we resolved on attempting a start.

I may not find a better opportunity of introducing the "dramatis personæ" to my readers, and telling them who "we" were. The first and most important part of our community, inasmuch, as all the others were personally interested in her safe-keeping and good behaviour, was our gallant Ship, our wooden home, the Royal Yacht

Squadron Schooner EVA, of 130 tons, built by Inman of Lymington in the year 1860. As her owner she conferred the rank of No. 2 on me, and Admiral, Parson, and Doctor, were the offices I endeavoured to fill.

As No. 3, comes my friend, tall ——; but I never deal in personalities. Many a thousand miles of briny water have he and I crossed together, many a gale have we weathered, and on many a fine night have our clouds of 'baccy-smoke intermingled and ascended, or been blown away to leeward, as the case might be. We had been two voyages together, in all fourteen months, yet never could the ominous call of "steward," or an empty seat at any meal be laid to the charge of either of us. Our business or object in thus boxing ourselves up together with fourteen other living souls in a space of about eighty feet by twenty, is described in my Admiralty and Club warrants as "pleasure"—"shooting" was one name we gave it; being bent upon the destruction of all pigs, deer, woodcock, wild fowl, or in fact anything in the shape of game that came within our reach. As to our success I must leave my readers to judge, if they ever have the patience to follow me through these pages.

No. 4 comes the skipper or sailing-master—as good a sailor as ever walked a deck, or whistled to a

paltry wind off a lee shore. Fond of his profession, and proud of his ship, cool as a cucumber in any mess, in fact the best man of his class I ever met.

We carried eight men before the mast; most of them had sailed with me before, some more than once; as when I have proved a man, I always try to pick him up again. Below we mustered three—steward, steward's mate, and cook; the latter I cannot pass over unnoticed. No matter where, a cook is an important personage, and if the office is filled by an ordinary individual, the tribute of notice is due to the position. In this instance old Neddy could not be called an ordinary individual: he was as tall and lean a specimen of a generally fat class, as one could well see. I can remember my surprise when first I saw him. I was sitting on deck, aft on the poop, and he was emerging from the fore-hatch; up, up he came, and still more of him was left; I wondered would he ever stop, or where he could have coiled away his great length below. There is a tradition of his having fallen over board in the Bay of Biscay, but being able to touch the bottom he was not drowned. His cadaverous leanness was a standing joke on board. One who professed to be conversant with his early history, said, that the night before old Neddy (he was always *old* Neddy) first appeared, there was a terrible row about the church-

yard being robbed. A brick-layer, gardener, lamp-lighter, and marine cook by trade, old Neddy was indifferent to all jeers. He took a sort of savage pleasure in baking bread during a gale of wind, and cooking intricate sorts of pudding when we were under a try-sail; his soul delighted in twisting chickens' necks—a spiteful ill-natured party said he plucked them when alive—he was faithful in providing me with cups of coffee at an early hour when I had the morning watch, for which he earned my everlasting gratitude; a dead hand at sea-pies and Irish stew: but for real delicacies we depended on our chief steward, who was a regular *chef*—a first class *cordon bleu.*

Our canine companions claim next attention. They were five in number—I take them according to their size: the first, "Vido," (called after the island in Corfu roads, the place of his nativity, though reared on board the ship,) was a large black half-bred Labrador dog, whom I had trained diligently to hunt every pig we met, and had perfected him so thoroughly in this accomplishment, that he was the terror of all the unfortunate porkers in the neighbourhood, and more efficient in clearing the roads than a regiment of policemen. From the evident leaning he had for the pursuit of pigs in their tame state, I had great hopes of his usefulness in

an Albanian jungle. Next in order came "Trap," a clumber spaniel, surnamed "Jeremiah," from his lachrymose cast of countenance; then "Carlo," another spaniel known as "Snuffles," from a peculiarity of manner, evincing his delight by blowing his nose; "Dash" followed in routine, famous for nought but being the dirtiest brute in creation; lastly "Bob" or "Robert" as we generally called him, a small black cocker.

These were all accommodated on deck, in dog houses: Vido had a house to himself, where if he liked to invite another dog to keep him warm he could; the other habitation was a box about six feet long by two feet broad, and thirteen inches high, the back of the box being an inch or two higher than the front, to give the roof a slope to throw the water and rain off. This roof had a division in it lengthways, joined with hinges so that half of it could be lifted up like a lid, a very necessary provision in a box of the sort, as well for ventilation in hot weather, as to facilitate cleaning and drying; two or three augur holes in each end, with a door in the middle, completed the structure. These boxes we carried when at anchor on the main deck, and at sea lashed to the after booby hatch on quarter deck. Two hen coops full of live chickens, at sea lashed along each side of the

main companion, and at anchor sent to the main deck with the dog boxes, these complete my list of living beings, so far at least as we knew.

Dogs are by no means either lively or pleasant companions at sea. The task of keeping them in health in a state of existence so totally different from either their nature or habits is far from an easy one; in rough wet weather they are of all animals most miserable, terribly frightened, and wretchedly sick. The salt water being very likely to produce mange, the great thing is to keep them dry if it can be managed.

Bad and disagreeable company as dogs are at sea, still, if shooting be the object, one must put up with them; as finding game in the Albanian jungles without their help is out of the question.

And now to get away from Cheek Point. I think the start, slow though it was, is worth another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

We start—We put back—We're off again—Fall in with a wreck—Latitude and Longitude—Collisions.

CLICK, click—click—heave, my boys—click—h-e-a-v-e—click, click—then a rush of clicks.

"Is the anchor away?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Bear your head sheets out! Up main tack!"

Great orders when there was hardly wind enough to blow a candle out! Not a ripple on the water big enough to drown a fly. Astern she goes with the tide, as if she wanted to satisfy herself as to the geological structure of the submarine portion of Cheek Point.

"Four hands in the cutter; smart, my lads, and give her head, a cant off!"

This device having happily succeeded in dissuading her from her scientific intentions, and it being after nine o'clock, we went to breakfast. At one

o'clock, p. m., when the tide turned, we had got down as far as the lively town of Ballyhack, and there let our anchor go, to avoid being carried back; the dogs were washed and sent on shore for a run. Got things a little straight below; secured every thing that could fall, and looked at every thing that could not fall to see if it could; slung all our guns along the beams in our cabins, having previously anointed them with blue butter, an infallible preventative against rust. This is a far better plan than keeping guns in cases, which of themselves are a great nuisance on board a ship. In the first place, your gun is always handy when you want it, which it never is in a gun case, particularly if the case happens to be stowed away in the sail cabin, where you are most likely to banish it, after tumbling over it two or three times in your own cabin; it may take half-an-hour to pull the sails up that have been stowed on top of it and to rummage it out, by which time, most probably, the occasion for its being produced has vanished. In a case, as hanging on a beam, you must equally anoint with blue butter, as no case will keep off the rust. I consider all boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, and cases quite out of place on board a ship, and always ask my friends, when they honour me with their company, to leave such articles on shore.

Thursday, 30*th*.

A whole gale of wind from S.S.E. The dogs were kept shut up till after the decks were washed and dry; the natural consequence of their being let out, was that the decks had to be washed again.

More lashing and securing; one would think a case of turning topsy-turvy was expected; the gunning punt (one of Colonel Hawker's flats for wild fowl shooting), the carronades, hen coops, dog boxes, were all secured and resecured, the try-sail gear overhauled, and every thing in fact that could put one in mind of bad weather was done.

Friday, 31*st*.

About one, p. m., we weighed anchor with the first of the ebb, although the weather looked none too wholesome: with a fresh S.E. wind we beat down to Creden Head, where it began to blow and rain, coming up as thick as mustard. Not appreciating the pleasure of being hove to outside through a dirty thick night, I put her head the other way, and ran back to our old berth at Ballyhack, and with us came a whole fleet of different sorts and nations—three or four Austrian and Sardinian barks, a couple of large Yankee ships, with a host of collier brigs and schooners, they not fancying the

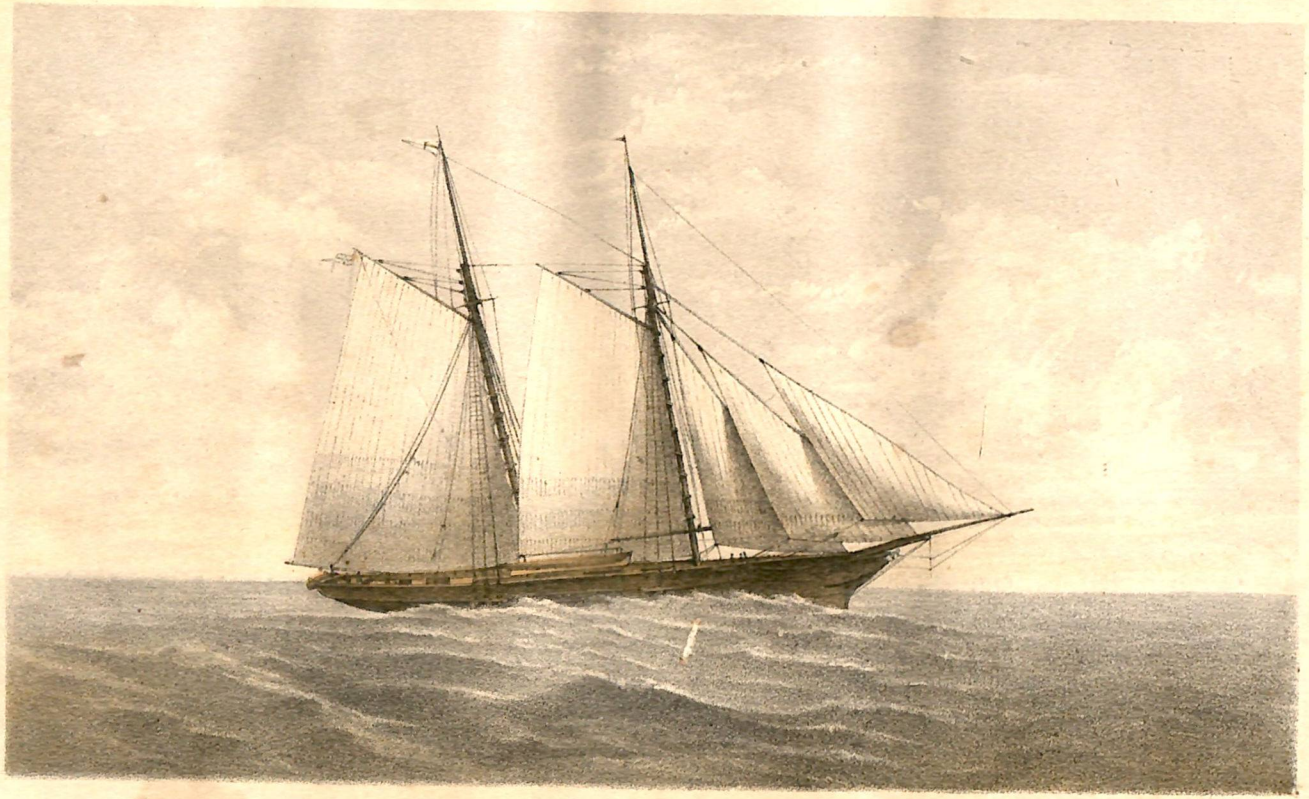
look of the night much more than ourselves. Regardless of the spirit of Solomon's proverb, "that those who watch the clouds will neither reap nor sow," I made the aneroid, sympesometer, and tube barometer my especial study, noting their changes with care from day to day; the sympesometer is by far the most sensitive of the three, and therefore requiring care in correcting for temperature, without which it would undoubtedly mislead; the present instance will prove what I say as to its superior sensitiveness. The three had been falling all the morning till about four, p. m., when the sympesometer changed his mind, and began to rise, going up one-tenth between that and night, the other two still continuing to fall. The event proved which was right, as at dark, in a heavy rain squall, the wind flew into the N. N. W., and later went to due N., clearing up nice and bright. It was only then that the barometer and aneroid began to rise, which they did one-tenth, and then stopped, from which I judged that the change was not going to be of long duration; however, long or short, I was now sorry that I had put back, as that slant of wind (if it were not a mere local land eddy) would have shoved us down nearly to the Long Ships (the lighthouse on the Land's End), by morning.

Saturday, November 1st.

I was awakened before daylight by that well-known cheery noise of about thirty capstans all at work, accompanied by the screeching of the brace and halliard blocks, unmistakable signs that the whole fleet were astir; up I went, not in full costume, buoyed with the hope of a fair wind and a speedy start, and mentally anathematizing the sleepiness of our chaps for not being astir also. I might have stayed quietly in my hammock, a flat calm was all I found; the colliers bound for Waterford were getting up their anchors to drift up with the flood tide, and a pretty game they had of it, drifting into and fouling each other, smashing jib-booms, cursing and swearing, and at times giving us enough to do to save our own spars; our patience was at last rewarded, at 12 o'clock a light breeze sprung up from the southward, and as soon as the flood-tide had slacked, we got our anchor up and beat out; as we got near the mouth of the harbour the breeze freshened, and by 4 P. M. we passed the Hook light-house, and were once more at sea—

> "Oh who can tell save he whose heart hath tried,
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide;
> The exulting sense and pulse's mad'ning play,
> That thrills the wanderer o'er that trackless way."—BYRON.

For my own part, I know of no more exhilarating



OUTWARD BOUND

sense, no more thorough realization of the word *freedom*, than to be skimming over the boundless ocean—the trackless deep, with a good ship under one, free to go where one likes—the boundary of the great sea one's only limit—

> "Far as the wave can bear the billow's foam
> Survey our empire, and behold our home."

No more post bags full of stupid, wearisome letters that must be answered. No more poor-law meetings, ugh! how I hate them! with their bickerings and jealousies, and worse than all, the curse of this wretched country—Bigotry—displaying itself at every turn, and from every side; every one convinced that every one else wants to convert the whole community to his plan of going to heaven or—elsewhere. Sessions, assizes, elections, railway boards;—the list is endless, with their inseparable train of worries and annoyances, all left behind on the "dull unchanging shore."

Well, we were off; the school was over, and the holidays had begun. Drawing along about five knots an hour; under our fore and aft canvass, with a jib-headed main top-sail set, a very handy sail when you are not quite certain of the weather, as when set without lacing, it is easily taken in, without having to send a hand aloft.

The first business on proceeding to sea, is to tell off the watches, as it is called. The skipper and I took them in turn, with four men to each watch; four hours on deck and four below, except in the afternoon, when the watch from four to eight is divided into watches of two hours each, which are called dog watches, so named, sailors say, because a dog could alone sleep in them. The object of thus dividing them is to keep the watches changing, so that the same party has not the same watch two nights running. This is the plan adopted in the merchant service, and is the fairest way of dividing the time when you have not a crew of man-of-war's strength on board. I believe in the Queen's service a watch is individually kept but every third or fourth night.

Sunday, November 2nd.

By daylight we had reached over to Trevoise Head on the coast of Cornwall. Here we fell in with fragments of a large wreck, and the whole sea was strewn with them. Hove the vessel to, and put a boat out, picked up a dog-house and a life-buoy, but could find no name on either. From the size of the timber, she must have been a large vessel, and more likely to have foundered from collision than wrecked, as there were no pieces of

rigging, spars, or ropes, of any sort, only the hull fittings, water casks, combings of hatches, lids of lockers, and parts of chests. A melancholy sight altogether, which the unanswered question of what had been the fate of her crew, did not make more cheery. But there was no good in thinking of it: so the word, "let draw stay-sail sheet" was passed, and on we went.

Strong head wind, rain, and reefs followed, and lasted all that, and the next day; at noon of which our latitude, by observation, was 49·40 N., our longitude, by account (for it was too cloudy to get a sight of the sun at three o'clock), was 7·12 W; the Scilly Islands bearing about E. by compass.

Questions may naturally enough arise in the minds of the unitiated as to the expressions, latitude and longitude *by observation* and *by account.* Also as to the expression, that "Scilly bore E. by *compass.*" These I will endeavour to explain as curtly as I can; first as to the latitude and longitude. There are two methods of determining a ship's position at sea. The first and really only reliable one is based upon observations of the heavenly bodies, the tables and methods for working which are given in books compiled for the purpose, and hence the term "*by observation.*" The second is by what is called "dead reckoning," being merely an

hourly register of the course and speed of the ship entered in the columns ruled for that purpose on the log-slate, and worked up each day at twelve o'clock, which, by means of the "course and distance," or "traverse tables," gives you an approximation, but only that, to the distance and direction you have made good since twelve o'clock on the previous day: as these calculations are founded upon judgment, and as during the twenty-four hours' sail, there are many influences which bear upon a ship, such as currents, the swell of the sea, squalls, carelessness in steering, inaccuracies in entering either the rate of sailing or the course, improper allowances for variations of the compass, or lee way; and many other accidents unknown, and consequently unallowed for, insignificant in themselves, but all combining to upset the worthy mariner's calculations, he cannot be too particular in availing himself of every opportunity of checking his dead reckoning by celestial observations. This is what is called finding the latitude or longitude by *account;* and as a finish to my explanation, I will quote the remarks of an able nautical author on the subject, inculcating the same principle :—

"Notwithstanding that all the supposed corrections be applied with the greatest care to the ship's reckoning, it is frequently found, on making the

land after a long voyage, that the longitude deduced from the dead reckoning alone will differ very considerably from the truth. A good navigator will therefore lose no opportunity of ascertaining the ship's place by celestial observations."

Next comes the compass : why say, " bore so and so by compass ?" because the compass does not point true north. This is another complication in navigation, and is called "variation of the compass ;" it was first discovered by Columbus in the year 1492 ; however, his discovery was imperfect, as he supposed the variation always the same. It was not until the year 1634 that Professor Gillebrand discovered that even in the same place the variation altered with time. Later again it was discovered that in different parts of the world, the variation differed ; for instance, off the coast of Ireland the variation is about 30° W., and near Cape Horn in South America it is 22° E. ; these variations are generally laid down on the charts, and, as I am not going to write a scientific treatise, I must refer those who want to know more about the subject, to the books written about it ; suffice it to add, that such is the reason for putting, by " compass," or " true" to the bearing of any place referred to when nicking off a vessel's whereabouts when the day's work is made up.

We met a good many vessels during the day bound in, and showed our longitude board; it is the custom or pretty generally so, for vessels just away from the Channel to mark in large letters or figures with a piece of chalk on a black board, their longitude, either by account or observation, as the case may be, and shew it to the homeward bound that they meet. Many vessels trading to the Mediterranean and elsewhere do not carry a chronometer, consequently, "dead reckoning" is their only method of finding their longitude. I have sometimes heard of these vessels being 100 miles out as to their longitude by dead reckoning. So that it is a help to get the longitude, or an approximation to it, from another party not long out, who although he may not carry a chronometer either, has at least seen the land within a shorter time than his homeward bound brother, and has therefore less chance of being wrong. I like meeting ships at sea, save and except in the Channel, where one sometimes falls in with rather too many of them, especially, of a wild thick night, when their room would be more acceptable than their company; the sailing vessels I do not so much mind, it is the steamers that are my *bête noir*. Since the Admirality regulations were put in force, of carrying red and green lights (red

on the port side, green on the starboard) the danger of collision is no doubt much lessened, yet still it exists, and is I think the greatest risk one runs in yachting—as for the Channel it is actually alive with steamers of every description, from the splendid West Indian boats down to the dirty little coasting screw collier. The coasting merchant steamers are the most dangerous sort to meet at night: their crews have probably been hard at work all day stowing cargo, so that when they get to sea, nature asserts her right, and to sleep they go and keep no look-out whatever. I daresay they go through the form of dividing their crew into watches, but a man is just as much good as a look-out asleep in his berth as asleep on deck. Often the man at the helm who only minds his course by compass is the only one awake on deck; what becomes of the mate or skipper, or whatever they call the officer in charge of the watch, I don't know, perhaps he is snoring snugly in his berth, or coiled up under lee of the weather bulwark, equally oblivious to what is going on.

I don't want to be hard on the chaps. No doubt they are seldom troubled with too much time for sleep; but that is no satisfaction to the unfortunate fellow who, through their carelessness, is run down, and who, if he is not drowned himself, loses all his

belongings. They may say, why do we come to sea if we cannot take care of ourselves? we may answer, that we have as good a right to be there as they have—and we may thank Providence that up to this we have been able to keep clear of them. For my own part I have had two shaves, too close to be pleasant. I do not blame the poor men—I know what their life is well enough—but I do not consider the stinginess of the owners of these said vessels, in saving their pockets by making the one set of hands do all work (stow cargo all day, which they must do, and then to watch all night, which they don't do, and can't do) at all an excuse for ushering a whole company of their fellow creatures into eternity without one moment's notice.

Up to this, very few instances have occurred of yachts being run down, but their safety has arisen entirely from the vigilance of their individual crews, not from the precautions on the steamers. There are circumstances, however, where only one-sided watchfulness might fail to avert a catastrophy, but where the combined exertions of both steamer and yacht might be little enough to save a collision. Suppose an instance:—a schooner yacht (not an uncommon case) hove to in the Channel under very snug canvass—say, a reefed trysail and standing jib—it is blowing a whole gale of wind, with

the accompanying angry sea that the Channel is famous for, and of course as thick as a hedge with a nice driving rain ; suddenly through the mist a pair of eyes, a red and a green one, with a bright one above them (the distinguishing mark of a steamer) are discovered blinking and bowing at you, and as suddenly, the unmistakeable beat of her paddles, is clearly distinguishable above the roar of the wind and sea. It is evident you cannot weather her on the tack you are upon, nor have you time to clear her if you could keep away ; there is nothing left for it but to "tack ship." I will just ask the merchant steamer skippers, who I presume know something about it, whether it ever happens, that in an ugly cross sea with very little way on her, a vessel under close reefed canvass will not stay just as fast as you want her? there is not a moment to lose, on comes the steamer, her "look-out" all wrapt in peaceful slumbers—the schooner misses stays, the steamer's bows tower over your foremast, and with a roar, a crash, and a dull crushing sound, you and yours are in a moment consigned to the bosom of the deep ; on the steamer goes, perhaps all on board unconscious of what has happened, mayhap the man at the wheel perceived the slight shock, or the look-out man may have awakened in time to perceive your white sails, or a

tell-tale burgee disappearing in murky darkness, and may relieve his conscience by reporting that they ran down a schooner yacht, the tender-hearted owners being first satisfied that their cargo was safe; their speculation successful, they fold their hands over their newspapers in quiet resignation, and mutter "poor fellows," and yet are inwardly thankful, that no troublesome lives have been spared to lessen their credit sheet by bringing an action against their precious steamer. I would humbly offer a bit of advice to yachtsmen, who may be caught out in a gale in the Channel, "never, if you can help it, heave your vessel to. Sail her as long as you can possibly do so. Keep a blue light dry, and handy upon deck. It may serve your turn to rouse a sleepy coaster."

CHAPTER III.

Signalling at Sea—The Bay of Biscay—The Straits of Gibraltar—The Currents of the Mediterranean—Tides and Currents.

TO go on with the voyage. About 8 P.M. the wind flew in a squall into the N. W., and for the next three days we had variable, though, on the whole, fair winds, wet, cold, and squally ; never twelve hours without reefs.

Friday the 7th found us in latitude both by observation and account (they agreed there) 39·47 N., longitude 9·58 W., Cape St. Vincent, bearing S. 6° E. by compass, distant about 166 miles ; this was a lovely day, the first really fine one we had ; we lost the heavy incessant N.W. swell, the decks got dry, the sick found their sea legs, for we had some sufferers among us, though not in the saloon ; the dogs came out and scratched (I mentally promised them a washing) and asked for stirabout ; and things in general looked bright ; the twelve degrees difference of latitude had taken all the tipsy bleery look out of the old sun, and slaty-coloured misty

vapour out of the sky, letting us see that deep clear blue, that alas ! is so seldom if ever seen in our own home latitude.

But I must not dawdle—this sort of daily journal will not do—although I wanted to give a sort of sketch of the daily work and progress of sea-going life, for the information of the ignorant who are about to try the experiment themselves, as well as for those who, like myself, really take an interest in such matters. I must remember that many so called yachtsmen hardly know one end of a ship from the other, and would naturally vote any such detail as too stupid to be borne ; it is a mystery to me how such men can care for yachting, to them a long sea voyage must seem both tedious and monotonous to a degree. But to those who do take an interest in navigation, that science which teaches the mariner with certainty to find his way over the trackless deep, the case is far different ; there is no lack of employment, no day which does not bring its own amount of interest, plenty to keep the mind at work. For the speed and comfort of the voyage, certainly, and the lives and safety of your crew, possibly, (under God, of course, for it is He who holds the mighty deep in the hollow of His hand, and it is at His word the stormy wind ariseth) depend upon your care, skill, and judgment.

Strongly though I would recommend all yacht owners to learn and interest themselves in the navigation and management of their vessels; as strongly would I caution them against undertaking the sole direction of them, unless they are experienced sailors as well as clever navigators, and the two qualifications are distinct and different. A well educated man with ordinary ability, may, in an extraordinarily short space of time, learn and thoroughly understand the science and theory of navigation, but he may know nothing of handling a vessel. Books and education will teach the former, but only long experience can give him a knowledge of the latter.

Our fair wind and fine weather lasted all that and the next day; being a tolerable distance off the land, as our longitude shows, we fell in with a good many large homeward-bound English vessels (these, when homeward-bound, generally give the Portuguese coast a good berth, to avoid the north-easterly winds), but they were going too fast for us to do more than "show our ensign," the "good morning" at sea. Whenever there is a possibility, I always make it a rule to show my number to a homeward bound vessel: when she reaches her destination she reports you as "spoken in such and such a latitude and longitude: all well;" this

is published in the *Shipping Gazette* and may reach your friend when no letter could. Whenever I come home I always enquire from some friend who takes the *Shipping Gazette*, whether I have been reported, and with very few exceptions find I have been.

Marryat's is the code used when communicating with a merchant vessel, and it is a very good plan, for yacht owners who go foreign (as it is called) to have their vessel's name entered in the merchant list and a number assigned to it; this list is furnished to either Lloyds' agent, or the custom-house officer at every sea-port in Great Britain and Ireland.

The evening of Saturday the 8th brought us off Cape St. Vincent; took the square canvass off her as a matter of precaution, as it often happens, coming down with the wind from the N. E., when you pass the Cape and open the bay, to the southward of it you find a fresh breeze from S. E. and even more southerly; in our case however the precaution was not needed, as we kept the same wind all night. One word, it shall not be more, on shaping a course from England to Gibraltar—I crave pardon for my conceit in presuming to give it as an advice:—

In crossing the Bay of Biscay (that dreaded bug-

bear to those unfortunates whose souls sicken o'er the heaving wave) the prevailing wind is S. W., more so in the north part of the bay, than in the south, the general course is to stand out on the port tack to get a good offing; when you have worked down to the latitude of Finisterre, you will most likely get the wind from the north, either N. W. or N. E.; my advice (given with all humility) is, that, if the offing you have made puts you out of sight of Finisterre, you should then shape a more easterly course till you make the land, and hug the coast of Portugal down along; the prevailing wind here is N. E., the Lisbon pilots say for nine months out of the twelve; my own experience says, for twelve out of the twelve, and I have had many trips both up and down, at all seasons of the year. If it is the summer season, calms are frequent, and then by being near the land you have the chance of the land breeze at night, which you might miss by being further out, as it does not blow off with much force; and even in the winter season you cannot reckon with the same certainty on the continuance of the N. E. wind far out as you can when near the shore. Another reason is (a theoretical one I allow), that in coming down "outside all," as keeping out of sight of the land is called, when you get into the latitude of Cape St. Vincent and haul in,

either to make that Cape, or shape your course for the Straits, you may possibly find that you have to go further in than you supposed; and you may also possibly have discovered that on your passage down, your longitude by observation put you further to the W. than your longitude by account. I dare say I shall have to stand the scornful jeers of sundry yacht skippers for this assertion. "They never were out a mile in their lives in their account, of the two they rather checked the sun than otherwise. They would scorn to cook a dead reckoning to make it agree with an observation, such a course was quite foreign to their ideas of navigation, and so on." Well, notwithstanding all their ridicule I am going to stand by my assertion, and boldly cook my dead reckoning of seven trips by inserting the Gulf Stream as a course, in a south-westerly direction at the rate of half an knot an hour. In the charts no mention is made of this, but Lieutenant Maury, in his Physical Geography of the Sea, a most interesting work, which I cannot too strongly recommend to the perusal of all interested in such matters, when describing the course of the "Gulf Stream" refers to its presence there as setting out of the Bay of Biscay towards the Madeira Islands. Be that as it may, the current—a theoretical one or not is but a minor point so far as the

course is concerned—a fair wind and the shortest distance, are the main recommendations, if my advice is good.

At 4 A. M. on Monday the 10th we made the new light on Cape Trafalgar, at daylight we caught up and passed a yawl yacht, and shortly after we came up within a mile of a large schooner yacht of the Ryde Club ; it then fell dead calm. About 9 A. M. she got a nice breeze from the S. E., which soon took her out of sight, while we lay for more than two hours tumbling about in the swell occasioned by the breeze that she had got ; rather a sore trial of patience as we were all mad for a race. To tantalize us more, on the offing we saw a lot of Sardinian men-of-war entering the Straits with a fresh breeze from the S. W., but neither seemed inclined to reach us. Patience is a cardinal virtue at sea as well as on shore ; by 11 A. M. the breeze reached us ; before 12 o'clock we were off Tarifa Point. The lighthouse on this island now shows a fixed light instead of a revolving one as heretofore, and it may be no harm to remember, that the Spaniards sometimes fire at vessels if they attempt to pass the fort without showing their ensigns. I saw a case of it in the papers not a month ago. At 1 P. M. we let go our anchor in Gibraltar roads. The jolly, dear old rock ; I never was there yet

but I was glad to see him and admire him afresh in his rocky grandeur, like a couching lion guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean; and so he is about the most envied jewel in the British crown—impregnable so long as our gracious Sovereign holds the sceptre of the sea. When we no longer can hold that fortress the sun of England will be setting; the glory of our wooden walls (they are turning into iron ones now) will be on the wane.

The tides and currents in the Straits are too curious to pass over without some notice; affording as they have done, and even still do, the theme of many different theories as to their causes, and the laws that regulate them. Of one fact we are certain, that there is a current always setting in *at the surface* from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. As long ago as the year 1683, this continual indraught appears to have been a vexed question among philosophers and navigators. How to get rid of the immense quantity of salts and other solid matter in solution thus carried into the Mediterranean, in the minds of some seems to be a question far from settled even yet. Evaporation is the cause for this indraught adduced by one writer of the present day, whose opinion is entitled to the greatest respect. It is an hypothesis which I submit cannot for a moment be held good as a *sole*

cause ; it may be *a* cause, a sort of auxiliary motive. For argument sake, allow the evaporation to be sufficient to require the influx of this immense volume of water to supply its exhaustion. Allow that all or nearly all, the largest rivers in Europe empty themselves into it ; that the Black Sea pours in its quota through the Bosphorus, (and no mean quota either, containing as it does, all the drainings of Russia) ; that old Father Nile brings the overflowings of his inland lakes, his volumes of equatorial rains ; allow, I say, that all these are insufficient, and that the task of paying in the balance, of making up the deficiency, falls upon the Atlantic, which he performs in a mighty unceasing stream of seven miles in width ; what becomes of the salts and various other solid matters held in solution, and daily inducted from these different sources, if the hypothesis is correct, that evaporation is the only cause of the indraught, and consequently the only medium of exhaustion ? It is too well established a principle to require me to explain or assert it, that in the process of evaporation, every substance, no matter how minute, remains, while the pure water alone is sucked up in the shape of vapour to the clouds. By a curious calculation, it is ascertained that this stream from the Atlantic carries daily into the Mediterranean, in

solution, nearly a cubic mile of solid matter. It is also an established fact, "that the rivers which are constantly flowing into the sea, contain matter, salts of different sorts, varying from 10 to 50 and even to 100 grains per gallon. They are chiefly common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime, magnesia, soda, potash, and iron;" the sort of matter depending of course upon the sort of soil through which the rain which supplies these rivers has filtered. And these are found to constitute the distinguishing characteristics of sea water; it is the chloride of magnesium that gives the damp sticky feel to clothes that have been wet by salt water.

If we assume, then, that evaporation is the sole medium of exhaustion, should we not also be warranted in the supposition that by degrees the Mediterranean must become salted up? Surely a cubic mile of solid matter imported daily, to say nothing of what the rivers bring, must have made, and must still be making some change in the bottom of this sea, filling it up and making it shallower year by year; and yet still, so far back as we can learn, the soundings have not altered, the depth has not lessened; quite sufficient proof, I should say, of the existence of some other outlet, some means by which the salts and solid matter can be exhausted, as well as the water, establishing the fact of a sub-

marine current running out into the Atlantic with quite as great velocity and volume as the upper current runs out of the Atlantic into the Mediterranean.

With regard to this outer and under current, Lieutenant Maury says: "We have observations telling of its existence as long ago as 1712, when a French privateer giving chase to a Dutch ship, came up to her between Tariffa and Tangier, and there gave her one broadside which directly sunk her; a few days after, the Dutch ship was cast up on the shore near Tangier, at least twelve miles to the westward of the place where she sank. The fact demonstrating that in the deep water in the middle of the gut there is a re-currency that sets outward to the Grand Ocean."

In the face of such proofs, I cannot see how for a moment the existence of this submarine current can be questioned. I have read many arguments by able writers tending to prove that its existence was an impossibility; but all of them have failed to shake my belief in it. Notwithstanding this submarine current running out, which I look upon as established, and the superficial current running in, the regular tides ebb and flow along the shores of the Straits, independent of either, the flood setting, not from the Atlantic, the great seat of tides, as we

would naturally suppose, but westward from the Mediterranean, which is called "the tideless sea."

The wind also affects this upper current through the Straits; sometimes in strong easterly gales, checking it altogether, and even making it set to the westward; one instance of which I shall mention. In the year 1850, Her Majesty's Yacht, the Victoria and Albert, entering the Straits in a strong easterly gale, found a current running to the westward at the rate of from three to four knots an hour.

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GIBRALTAR.

CHAPTER IV.

The Rock of Gibraltar—Good News from Home—We leave the Rock—A Yarn about Sails and Sailing—The Race with the "G——"—A Dilemma—Custom House Officers—A Caution to Tyro Yachtsmen—Yachtsmen, beware!

BUT jump into the gig, if you have got pratique, and pull to the water port, where, if this is your first visit to Old Gib, your ears will be addled with a Babel of tongues. Sailors from nearly all quarters of the globe, bargaining with John Spaniards and Rock Scorpions for all kinds of beastly-looking eatables, the odours from which are insufferable. Then up you go through the town. Have a call at old black Charley's, where you can easily get rid of your loose cash by investing in slippers, footstools, Bernouses scarfs, and other Moorish gimcracks. On you go out of the town, up through the Alameda, where perhaps you may have the luck to find the band playing, and all the *beau monde* loitering about. I ought to go into raptures about the Spanish beauties; tell you

to look at the gazelle for a sample of their eyes' dark charm ; bid you view the raven's wing to guess the colour of their hair, and indulge ad libitum in such like trash. But, in all sincerity, I have no admiration for their foreign graces ; our English girls alone possess that style of beauty which can ever squeeze a drop of sentimentality out of my briny old heart. Whatever quarter of the globe I may be in, I love to look upon a real English lady ; her beauty may not be brilliant, but the charm of a gentle and refined mind places her beyond comparison. But on you go ; I cannot give you much time with a fair wind blowing, squally though it be. Keep the upper road from the Alameda, and mark the vegetation on the sides ; it is new to your British eyes. Aloes and pomegranates do not flourish in English hedgerows. Up still, and stop for a moment, and turning round look at the view. The fortifications and masked batteries, the rows of white barracks, the lead-colored roofs of the magazines ; the enormous excavated cisterns to catch and hold the rain water, the only dependence in case of a siege ; and down, down beneath you the bay, with its forest of masts, among which you may see the flags of nearly every nation under the sun that owns a ship, lying safe and secure beneath the protection of the Union

Jack. Would not old Louis Napoleon like to have that Rock? may be not! But on to Europa Point, and stop at the Governor's summer residence, from which you may gaze for the first time on the Mediterranean sea, and then look up at the perpendicular rock hanging over you. But be alive, you have more to see, and we must soon be ploughing those blue waves, which, tiny as they appear from this, will be rough companions when you get among them. Then back again; there is no use in mooning up to look for monkeys, you might stay for a month of Sundays, and not see one. Back again, by the lower road, if you like; but I would rather return the way I came, as the view is magnificent, and we have our faces the right way now. On you must hurry; you have the Galleries still to see, and well worth the trouble they are; although now pronounced as absurd and useless by the new school of Artillery officers—men, gallant and brave, no doubt, but some of them rather given to abuse everything which, or the like of which they did not themselves originate. It is the age of innovation now, and rather the fashion to ridicule things that are old. Our wooden walls, old England's former pride, have lately been declared useless against the new style of guns. I am not going to be so conceited as upon my own judgment to declare the

verdict wrong; but I think we should be careful not to rush too hastily into new and untried schemes. Have these new iron-clads proved serviceable at sea? What sort of a game did the "Prince Consort" play the other day in her passage from Plymouth to Holyhead? Or what did the "Warrior" do about eighteen months' ago in the Bay? Unless Monsieur Xavier Raymond's theory is correct that rolling proves a vessel's steadiness, their performances can hardly be considered as satisfactory.

Not so very long ago the Admiralty had to acknowledge that the experiment of cutting down the old frigates and re-adapting them to the new defensive system, had resulted in a failure. It is not for me to judge, but it is for me and for every other Englishman to hope that these new iron ships will keep as long unsullied and untarnished, that British flag which (as the song says) "has for a thousand years," on our old wooden walls, braved victorious "the battle and the breeze."

But laughed at, and ridiculed as old fashioned, absurd and useless, though the galleries be, they are well worth the time spent in seeing them—then go out to the neutral ground, that isthmus of land which connects the rock with the main land, and have a look at his rugged, perpendicular face, 1,400 feet high, and you will have an idea of the

strength of a fortress which shews such a face on his only vulnerable side. It is but a step further, and you are over the Spanish lines. The Cork wood is about ten miles off, and if you admire fine trees and sylvan beauty, it is worth going that distance. But I must haste on board and write letters to those dear ones at home, whom the song says,

> "It would be an assurance most dear,
> To think they were saying,
> I wish he were here."

Rather a selfish satisfaction to require all you left behind to be continually pining for your return. Well, I wrote home, and both my friend and I got letters too, jolly letters, thank God, to say that all were well; for although I enjoy most thoroughly the pleasures of a voyage, I allow that there is a certain anxiety in calling at the *poste restante*, in glancing at the letters as they are handed out, recognizing the handwriting and dreading the black mark, or the word "immediate;" neither of which were on mine or any for the "R. Y. S. Eva." I was once eight months without hearing a word from home, many have been much longer no doubt, but it was a long time for fellows only bent on amusing themselves; I am the only one of that party, three in number, that ever reached home. We started by Norway to make our way overland to India, went through

Norway, Sweden, into Russia, through its immense extent to the Caspian Sea, visiting the great fair of Nizni Novogorod. We made our way across the Caspian from Astrachan to Asterabad and were caged for a day in the latter town in a sort of wooden structure, in the middle of the only square, and pelted diligently by the hospitable inhabitants with rotten eggs and bad oranges, soft things no doubt, but not the less trying to the temper. Thence we went from the north to the south of Persia, intersecting Kourdistan and Louristan, in the former of which lively spots I found poor Conolly's prayer book, and was shewn by an interesting Kourd the very tree to which he and poor Studdert were tied and foully murdered, the Kourd said because they would not become Mussulmen : we had no intention of being turncoats either, but I expect we owed our whole skin to our poverty, possessing little more than our rifles, horses, and a change of clothes, one shirt off, and another shirt on ; I don't mean to say, fair reader, that these were all we started with, but, certainly, they were all we had left, and the Kourds may have reasoned that it was hardly worth risking three of their precious lives in exchange for ours, the value of our possessions included. They all dread the shining of a copper cap. They saw the glare of our caps once, but to this day I do not know how we escaped.

However, I was talking, or rather, writing of post bags. We made two attempts to get across land to India from Persia, but failed in both, and at last I found myself landed with a whole skin in Bombay, and calling at the post office, had such a mountain of letters emptied into the palanquin, that I was bothered; no other word will express the sensation. It was, I confess, an anxious moment, when I turned them over to make out from whom they came, and to try and guess from the external marks whether the news was good or bad. At last I began naturally at the wrong end; opening the latest first, and soon became interested upon finding the name of my nearest lady relative, coupled with the Christian name of a man of whom I had never heard. "Dear so and so" was "so nice," and "they were so happy," and they had written home from such and such a place, and were going to do so and so, in fact, there was no mistaking that a wedding had taken place; but who the "dear, nice," happy man was, and what his name, I had no more idea than the man in the moon. I was thankful indeed that there was no other news, not a single black seal after so long a time, and among a very large circle. The black, however, came only too soon in our own small one; but that has nothing to do with the present voyage.

Well, we wrote letters and smoked, and congratulated ourselves upon the success of our first stage: although nothing at all out of the way, it was the finest passage I had made—eight days and twenty-one hours from Waterford Hook to the Rock. We found that the schooner that ran away from us in the morning was the "G——," Ryde Club, 160 tons, going out to meet her owner at Malta. She was to sail as soon as she got her coals and water, in the morning, so we determined to start at the same time, and have a bit of a regatta. The Royal Yacht schooner, "L——," yawl," and a small schooner yacht, came in about dusk. It blew very hard from the W. in the night; glasses falling.

Tuesday 16th. Strong westerly wind, squally, aneroid down to 29·6½: filled up our coals and water; got some fresh provisions; bought an octave of sherry, which was decidedly bad, left my card at the Governor's—good manners! At half-past one the small schooner got under weigh, and a little after two we sighted our anchor, having first tied down a reef in the mainsail and got our small jib out, as it was blowing fresh. As we passed the "G——" she was just leaving her berth, but for some reason she made a tack in the roads, which gave us a start. Stood on starboard tack till we could clear Europa Point; then "jibe oh,"

a critical job in a large schooner when it is blowing hard, and in this case it nearly cost us a man, as he stupidly got foul of the main sheet as it came over. I thought at least his leg was broken, but he providentially escaped with rather a sore bruise. The "G——" came round the Point about ten minutes after us, and making a shorter reach, jibed to windward of us. We then fell to work, hoisted the Eva's rags, set square sail and foresail; but the "G——" got her sails set quicker than we did, and no doubt overhauled us. The squalls came heavily off the Rock, convincing me if I had a doubt, that the trysail, and not the mainsail, is the canvass for a schooner running when it is blowing heavily. The weight of your boom guyed out to leeward, by not only burying your lee-quarter, but by making her gripe against the helm, retards her more than the extra extent of canvass or motive power compensates for. My theory is, that the more upright you can keep a vessel in the water, the faster she will sail. Her lines are designed for an upright position, not for one with her lee rails washing. Parties (who I humbly say, know nothing about it) talk of "carrying on," as the term is. All very fine in the smooth water of the Solent; but running in a heavy sea, you may carry on too much for speed.

I believe a vessel would often go faster, not to speak at all of either comfort or safety, when blowing heavy with a wind right aft, with only such canvass as you can put on your foremast. Look at a vessel (fore and aft schooner yachts I am writing of) lying at anchor: you want to list her over for some reason or other. What do you do ? Guy your main boom out to whatever side you want to sink, that will give her, generally speaking, at least, a streak list, if not more. Well, what will it do in a heavy sea, where it has the weight of winds and canvass to help it ? The more list to leeward you give her; when the greatest pressure is on the aftersail, as it is when running on the mainsail, the greater tendency there will be to broach to against the helm, which, acting solely from resistance, must retard the vessel's progress. It is not, generally speaking, thought advisable to run a vessel under her square-sail only, unless in extreme cases when it is blowing too hard to set any after-canvass ; in case of any accident happening which might render it necessary to heave her to, head to wind, in which event the after or main canvas is wanting. Here your trysail comes into play ; you get rid of the weight of your boom to leeward by crutching him to midships (if you can manage to do so to windward, so much the better), you have a lofty narrow sail made

of much lighter canvass than your mainsail. Its loftiness is an advantage by catching the wind above, where a lower sail (a close-reefed mainsail) buried in the trough of the sea, and sheltered by the great mountain of water which is towering over your rails, flaps and bangs about, wearing itself out and everything near it: then in the case of an accidental jibe (accidents do happen in the best regulated families), bang goes your main boom guy. "Let go the weather running tackle!" One second late and your main-mast is in the utmost peril, but slacked in time, you may get off with the loss of your boom, main-sheet block, dingy davits, man at the wheel, or a few other little trifles that the main-sheet may have got foul of in coming over; not at all unlikely that the remnant of the guy may relieve you of your binnacle.

Now, look at the other side of the question. If you jibe with your trysail, let him jibe back again; there is no harm done.

I have not spun this long yarn on sails to prove that we were wrong in carrying on. In the present instance we could not for the honour of the ship, have shortened sail as long as our adversary carried all her sail, although she was thirty tons larger. So we drove her into it, and merrily she went, skimming over the huge waves like a bird. Now

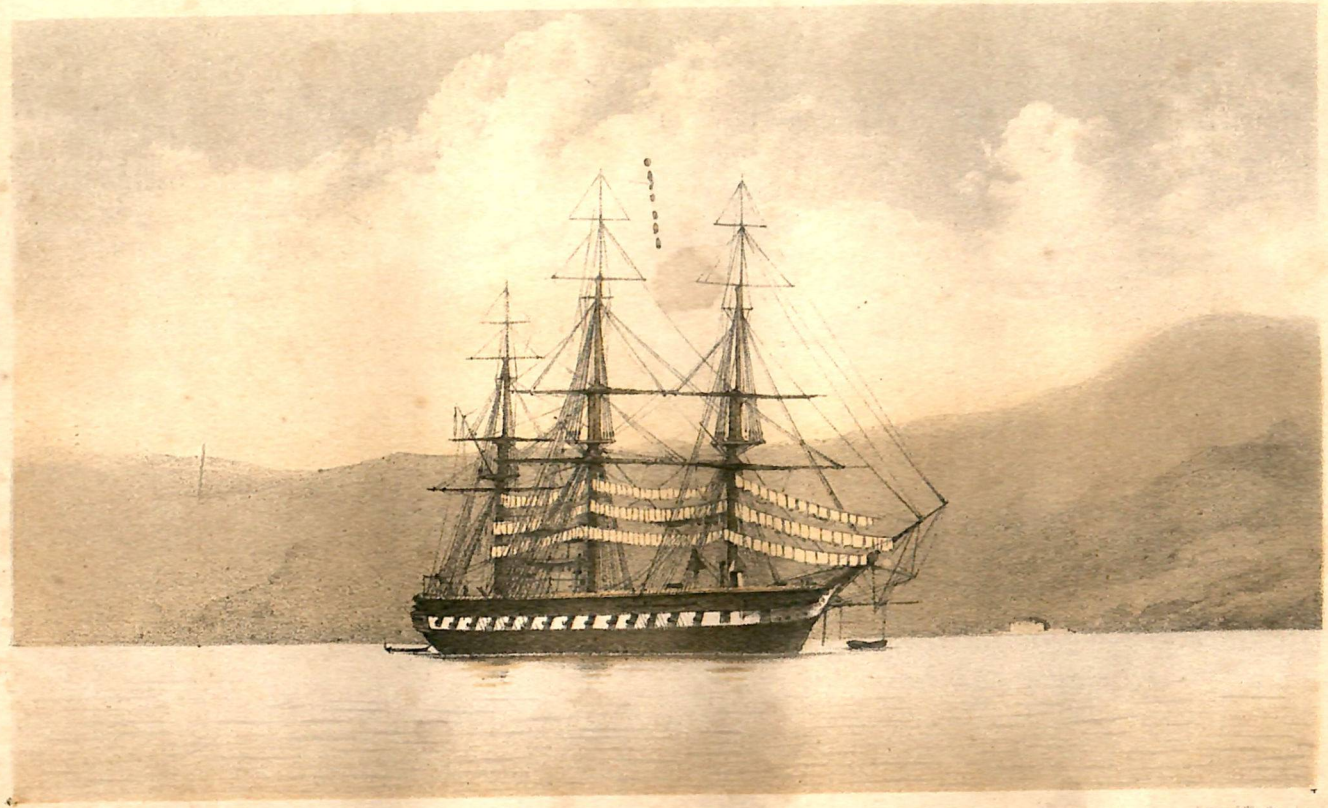
on the top of a regular stunner, flying through the water like a race horse; then slower as he passed on under her bows, and her stern sunk into the deep leaden-colored valley, waiting for the next, and he was an angry chap, but superbly beautiful in his anger: such an exquisite emerald hue, as the declining rays of the old sun made through his bristling crest, as he topples over, looking as if he must break upon our crosstrees. But no—she was not inclined to try that game; quick as thought she was on his top, when in his baffled rage, with a deafening roar he broke about her main-channels. On! on! again—as if exulting in her victory and showing her wild joy by her mad race through a sheet of creaming, seething foam; forward she went, surmounting the highest tops—frustrating the worst efforts; her deck as dry as a chip, save for the frothy particles of foam that the increasing wind carried from the billow's broken tops. The little dear! how I wish I was on her deck now!

By this time the "G——" had caught us up and was on our broadside, and here began the real race; for more than an hour we sailed neck and neck. It was a pretty sight, for it was a fair sea-going race, none of your large jibs; none of your big topsails; but blowing a gale of wind, the whole sea covered with ragged, streaky foam, the beautiful range of

the Sierra Novada in the distance, with its snow-capped ridge, gilded by the rays of the now setting sun; and these two frail-looking, beautiful vessels defying the rage of the elements each to outvie the other. The "G——," fair reader, is, I think as pretty a vessel as I would wish to see—and I would not deserve the name of even half a sailor if I did not love and admire my own.

It now came on to blow harder. "Up main tack, ease down the throat, and peak halliards a foot or so!" This manœuvre eased her considerably and we began to draw ahead. We had arranged before we started that at eight o'clock we were to show a light each, to determine our relative positions then. Accordingly, as eight bells went we showed our light, and had the satisfaction of being answered by our adversary, well astern. The race was now over, and the next thing to be done was to make all snug. By the "G——'s" green or starboard light, which I saw shortly after, it was evident that she had hauled up a bit to get more under the Spanish coast. Here was a question for the exercise of our judgment: it is a curious fact, that with whatever wind, east or west, you come up to Cape De Gatte, you are almost certain to find the wind there just as strong from the opposite quarter. Of this we had not in the present instance, much

doubt, for if experience and precedent were not enough to satisfy us, the look of the sky, and the irregular jump of a sea that we were getting into, would have set the question at rest. The skipper of the "G——" was evidently of the same opinion and was edging into the land, to get under lee of Cape De Gatte, in the event of his prognostications being verified. My skipper was of opinion that by keeping a more southerly course, and, getting down on the coast of Africa, we might get out of the easterly wind. This was, however, only a chance which I did not much fancy trying, as if it proved delusive, there was nothing for it but a regular thrash, which I am always glad to avoid; besides as there is no shelter it is good to heave to until the easterly wind blows over. I have since regretted that I did not adopt his plan, as from what turned up afterwards I think he was right; however, be that as it may, we made all snug, stowed our foresail, and double-reefed the mainsail. At daylight, on Wednesday the 11th, we were in a hard calm, the seas from the two winds tumbling every way; with the sun came the easterly wind, which as the former rose, freshened to a regular gale, and it took till three o'clock that evening to beat into Almeria Bay; as we drew in we saw the "G——" creeping up in the smooth water



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H. M. S. SHANNON.

under the shore; she was anchored, and was stowing her sails as we brought up. The bay, is formed by Cape De Gatte, which runs out a good distance to the southward, and although a very open one, is by no means bad shelter in an easterly wind. The town is small, and its white flat-roofed houses, with palm-trees dotted here and there among them, and the burnt arid-looking hills in the background, give it a more Eastern appearance than most Spanish towns. On the east side of the town there appeared to be a river, with lots of sedge and swampy-looking ground, which gave us visions of snipe shooting, should the contrary wind prove long-lived.

Next day as there seemed no likelihood of a change, I despatched the skipper to get pratique, as much for the sake of giving our dogs a run, as for trying our luck on the snipe ground. But as the health officers would not give pratique without keeping our bill of health, I declined to take it; we could not well leave it on shore lest the wind should shift out to the southward or westward, (from which points the bay was quite open), and then, whether we had the bill of health on board or not, we should run out to save the yacht, and if we sailed without it we should probably have been subjected to a quarantine at our next port. It was a

bore, but could not be helped; more provoking on account of the poor dogs, who were all in a state of excitement, their fore-paws on the rail, snuffing, and gazing at the land, whining and begging to be let off for a run, and, as is often the case in this world, blaming the wrong party for their disappointment. The sanita men, like all other small potentates, lose no opportunity of displaying their power; and this exercise of their functions was too rare a treat to them to let it slip.

Custom-house officers are a disagreeable race wherever one meets them, and in no place worse, I think, than in Ireland. They hauled me up once in Kingstown, for smuggling, and sailing my vessel under a false name. I only wonder they did not add piracy to the charges. The facts are these: I once cleared out for Norway from Kingstown, taking on board some bonded stores. Head winds and bad weather made the voyage a slow one, and at Kirkwall I was caught by letters calling me back; consequently I returned without going to Norway. Arriving back in Kingstown, I hoisted the usual signal for an officer to come on board; he came, searched, and went his way. I heard nothing, save that he expected a *tip*, which I refused to give. The next day I went home by rail, and the vessel went round to her usual

port, to be laid up. Some weeks afterwards when the crew were scattered to the four winds of heaven, and the skipper had returned to the bosom of his family, I received a letter from the Custom-house authorities in Dublin, charging me with the before-mentioned heinous crimes, saying, that I had forfeited my bond (there is always a bond of £100 or thereabouts, signed either by the skipper or owner of a vessel, when bonded stores are taken on board her, and this bond is forfeited if improper use be made of said stores, either by taking them or using them on shore, or giving them to any party to take on shore), by clearing out foreign, as the term is, taking bonded stores on board, and not having gone foreign; that was the charge as nearly as I can remember the words, but I have all the correspondence by me, and can produce it if necessary. Their letter concluded by stating that they would be obliged, by my remitting them the amount of said bond. I confess, I was rather taken aback by this version of the law, that a yacht taking out bonded stores must needs go to the place she cleared out for. However, supposing that something must have occurred behind the scenes with which I was unacquainted, I wrote to my skipper to know what had really happened; in fact to throw what light he could upon the subject.

His reply was to the effect, that the stores had been consumed on the voyage by the men, for whose sole use, be it known, they were taken out, (as they found themselves, or provided for themselves; "found themselves" is the short way of expressing it) that nothing had ever been taken out of the vessel, and that whatever had remained, which consisted, I believe, of one pound of tobacco, had been duly reported to the officer in Kingstown. I forwarded my skipper's report to the authorities at the Custom-house, and in due course received their reply, "that they supposed they had been misinformed—that circumstances had been magnified," (my high-minded stinginess, in not administering a *tip* at the proper time, told there) "but that as I had cleared out for Norway and had not gone there, they would fine me in the penalty of double duty on the stores taken, viz. £16." This I paid, but I did not know as much about those matters then, as I do now. If I read the law aright, you may ship what bonded stores you like, and so long as you use them on board the vessel, and do not take them out of her, you do not break your bond; if I am mistaken, I should be glad to be corrected, as it is far from my intention, either to break the laws myself, or to wink at others doing so.

Their second charge was, "that I had sailed my

vessel under a false name, and thereby laid myself open to a fine not exceeding £500;" my reply to which was, "that they had better prove it." It is now more than five years ago, so I presume they could not, as I have since heard nothing of the charge.

As the case is a serious one, and moreover, one in which a tyro yachtsman might get entangled in the meshes of the law, and fall into the clutches of a Dublin Custom-house officer, I may be excused for being prolix, and allowed to explain what the law is, and how the dire accusation fell upon me. The law is this,—at least it has thus been expounded to me by a friend in power—"When a vessel is to be built her keel is the first part of her laid down; she is named and registered, and so long as her keel remains, her name and number in the British register must remain also; in fact, nothing short of a special act of Parliament could change either." Yet what facts have we before us every season in the yachting world: one gentleman buys a yacht from another, dislikes her name, and calls her by some other more pleasing to his fancy. Virtually he is breaking the law and sailing his vessel under a false name. He has no power to change the old name in her certificate of registry; he puts the new name on the men's hats; has his letters ad-

dressed to the new name—he sails about where he likes, believing that she is his yacht, the "Peri" and not the old "Echo"—and in short, in spirit, he is breaking the law as fast as he can, and yet the law cannot touch him. Why?

Because so long as he is not asked officially what her name is, he may call her what he likes.

But if asked by a Custom-house officer for her name, and he gives any other than that on her certificate of registry, he is according to the letter of the law amenable to the penalty therein provided.

The Custom-house worthies thought they had me in a nice corner, and that there were good pickings to be got, but fortunately for myself, I had been warned about this legal quibble before I started, or I certainly should have fallen into their web, and been made an example of. I had bought the hull of a cutter called the "Triumvir"; she was lengthened, fitted out, and rigged as a schooner—her name was both ugly and unmeaning, so I called her the "Corsair." I would certainly have given her name as the "Corsair" to every officer that asked me, had I not been informed of how the law stood, and thus been able to disappoint my Dublin friends by my short reply.

No doubt, they congratulated themselves upon having caught a victim at last, and thought they had

a splendid case : the name on the men's hats, the letters at the different post-offices in the Scottish ports at which we touched, addressed to the " R. Y. S. Corsair," would be almost conclusive. They only wanted the one link—but alas ! for them and their longed for reward—that was missing, at every port where I was asked for the name officially, I gave "Triumvir."

Yachtsmen, beware how you rename your vessels!

CHAPTER V.

Theory of the Winds—A Storm—Local and Rotatory Storms—Palermo —Palermo Babies—Anchor at Naples—Scylla and Charybdis—After a Calm came a Storm—Gomenizza Bay—Anchor at Corfu.

FRIDAY 14th at 1 a. m. the skipper called me, with word that the wind was out S. W. So I turned out, and we got under weigh ; we hailed the "G——," but she replied that she would not start till day-light. The 15th, 16th, and 17th, came and went without any great change. Some squalls, some rain, and some lightning, not much of any ; the wind continued light, veering from N. W. to S. W. : a never-ceasing heavy swell coming down from N.; it must have been blowing hard up in the Gulf of Lyons for us to have felt the swell so much. It is an odd thing that the northerly wind seldom blows with much force to the southward of the Balearic Islands ; but the exposed northern shore, shows, by its arid look and stunted foliage, that the harsh, hard, northerly wind out of the

Gulf of Lyons, is the prevailing one; whereas at the southern part of these islands I am told, for I am not much of a botanist, that nearly every plant whether tropical or European, flourishes in even more than native luxuriance. I fancy that is a corker, but I give it as I heard it; however, one fact is certain, the northerly wind never does blow hard to the southward of them, for which I am at a loss to account, as it is in direct contradiction to the generally received (and correctly so I believe) theory of the cause of winds. Commander Wilks, Lieut. Maury, Col. Reid, and all in fact who have given their attention to and written upon the Theory of the Winds and the Law of Storms, seem to agree upon the one point, that where the temperature of a district or region rises, a sort of vacuum is formed, causing a current of air to rush in from the colder regions to fill the vacuum and restore the equilibrium of the temperature; if this be so, and I believe there is little or no doubt about it, should not the northerly wind blow with even more force to the southward, than it does to the northward of these islands, inasmuch, as the heat of the region between them and the north coast of Africa, has an average of, I should say, at least 5° or 6° above the district to the north of them? Why then should the northerly wind be arrested, as it were,

when it reaches their parallel of latitude, and leave the region to the southward to be cooled, or the vacuum filled by the westerly and easterly winds which there prevail? I do not pretend to explain or account for it, I merely ask the question.

We caught up one of the Sardinian vessels of war that went through the straits of Gibraltar with us, and also some merchantmen that had left Gibraltar the same day we did, and it is from this fact that I consider I was wrong, when we met the easterly wind at Cape de Gatte, in going into Almeria bay for shelter, instead of following my worthy skipper's notion of reaching down to the southward to look for a better slant, as these merchant vessels would hardly have got so far ahead of us, had they fallen in with the same wind we did.

On the 17th we were becalmed nearly all day, rolling heavily; guy the boom, as you would, bang, bang, bang, bang with a worthy accompaniment from the foresail till one's head was ready to split; at last I lost all patience, and stowed the mainsail, which improved matters a little—speared a pilot fish, and washed the dogs. At 8 p.m. a light breeze came from S. E.: aneroid 29·7 falling.

18th, came on deck at 12 o'clock; breeze the same, fresher, going about six knots—lay E. by N.; towards morning wind went out more to the

southward—lay her course E. by S. Lat. at noon by account 38·22 N., by observation 38·20 N.—Long. by account 6·39, E.; by observation 6·44, E. The S. W. point of Sardinia bore E. by N. (by compass) 80 miles. Breeze freshened towards evening; same heavy northerly swell still coming up under her lee—aneroid 29·6. By 8 p. m. breeze had increased to a strong wind: took in jib, stowed foresail and double reefed mainsail. It was next to impossible, to sail her with the heavy swell; as it was we got a couple of sousings during the watch.

Wednesday 19th.

I was called at 4 a. m., found the aneroid down to 29·2, four-tenths in four hours. On deck it looked as dark as the grave. I asked the skipper what sort of a watch he had, "Nothing bad, sir,"—so it was all to come; I saw he did not fancy the aspect of affairs much more than myself, and that he had the vessel merely dodging along under a close-reefed mainsail and standing jib; about half-past four it came; even in the inky darkness I could distinguish a heavy slate coloured curtain coming down upon us, slowly but surely —"haul up the standing jib sheet!",—and upon our devoted heads it burst with all its force,

crushing the little vessel down, as if some giant hand was laid upon her; the wind screeched through the rigging with deafening noise ; the sea had been running high, but in a moment, as if by magic, it was flattened by the torrents of rain into a seething milky calm: and lastly came the most dangerous ingredient of that slate-coloured curtain, the lightning. I can see it now in its intense blue livid light, dazzling beyond endurance, as it seemed to burst over my head and fall into the belly of the mainsail : for more than a minute, (it seemed an hour,) we were all struck totally blind ; I myself believed I had seen the last light I ever should see. "Be that you, Tommy," I heard one of the chaps say, as he groped at his supposed companion, which turned out to be a brass gun. Another flash, however, soon convinced us that we still had the power of sight: flash followed flash in rapid succession, fork and chain lightning, each as brilliantly vivid as the first ; but throughout the whole I only heard two claps of thunder. On our two topmast spindles burned the "ignis fatuus" or "composants," as sailors call them, that looked like two balls of fire stuck on tops of masts, and as they have the credit of only appearing in the very worst weather, they helped to add to the wildness of the scene. At daylight the rain ceased, at least it grew more like ordinary rain ;

but the wind and sea increased, so we put the trysail on her, and remained hove to all day. During the whole breeze the wind had held pretty steady to the same point as yesterday, only veering from S. to S. E. and back again. Towards evening the glasses began to look up again, and we could see that there was such a thing as blue sky. About 4 p. m. the wind flew into the north—tacked her, and sailed her on her course; the wind continued fair and light at night, and now that the gale was over, our old enemy, the northerly swell came back and persecuted us again. While we were passing the southern end of the Island of Sardinia we got into smooth water, and had about five hours peace; but about half-past four, a.m. of Thursday 20th, we opened the sea to the N. again, and found the swell running higher than ever, topping and breaking as if it was blowing a whole gale of wind. It continued so bad all day, that although there was very little wind we kept the trysail on her. Being always much interested in the law of storms, and in every phenomenon which could tend to throw light upon the subject, I have made it a rule to note down every occurrence which could at all bear reference to the state of the weather, both before and after every gale, whether important or trivial. Imperfect as these notes must be, from the fact,

that a private individual has no opportunities of gaining correct information (except, of course, in storms of peculiar severity, when from the journals one may glean statistics,) yet still from comparing them now, for some years back, I fancy I have got some sort of clue to the difference between local and rotatory storms; yet still I confess, for want of the necessary information, my clue is sometimes of a very guess-work nature, I daresay one that Admiral Fitzroy would laugh at; however, the difference I have marked between the local and rotatory storms is this: in local storms, which are, I take it, most common in these latitudes, viz., the British Isles, I have always remarked that the sun is the clearing point of the storm—badly expressed, I know—and therefore I must have recourse to an example to explain what I mean. Well, suppose it to be blowing hard from the southward at 12 o'clock in the day, when the sun gets into the S., if it be a local storm, the wind flies into the N. W., moderates, and it clears; if the wind be S.W. about 2 p.m., when the sun gets round to that point it clears: the more westerly the wind, the later of course the change; but equally proving that when the sun gets round to the butt of the wind, the change, if any is coming, is then to be expected. I need hardly say, "if any," because in what I call

local storms, I have invariably remarked that then some change does take place either for better or worse; if a clearing change, the wind flies out before the sun, or in a westerly direction; and if for the worse, against the sun or easterly. Take it as a rule to be depended on, when you see the wind back out against the sun, you are in for something dirty. In rotatory storms the only guide I have is the barometer, and the fact that they work out their course, unaffected by the sun in any way, generally terminating with the wind in the very opposite quarter to which it commenced. The storm that we had just weathered was, to the best of my judgment, a rotatory storm; but I am not conversant enough with what I may call the laws, or habits, of rotatory storms to form any very definite opinion as to what portion or rather section of the storm had passed over us; the sun had evidently no effect or influence upon it, as if it had, the change would have come when the sun was in the S. E., about 9 a. m. Moreover, I learned afterwards that on the same day, when we were under a trysail with the wind from the S. E., the Fidelio cutter was hove to, under a double reefed trysail in the entrance to the straits of Bonifacio, with a gale from N. and N. W.

Friday 21st.

On deck at 4. a. m.—island of Maratimo right abeam ; strong westerly wind, running seven knots. Shortly after rose the light in Licenza, and daylight discovered the coast of Sicily with Cape St. Vito right ahead : this Cape is usually the one made for, and is easily distinguished from the rest of the coast by its perpendicular bluff. The lighthouse on it is built at the end of a long low sandbank that runs out into the sea, and is not very easily seen by daylight, when at any distance. By 2 p. m. we made fast to the buoy in Palermo harbour. The first appearance of this harbour would lead one to suppose that it was of great size, the deceptiveness of which you would soon be convinced of, by attempting to run far in, when you would be picked up by a mud-bank, with not more than four to five feet of water on it. Close round the breakwater is the channel : the mooring buoy is put down for vessels to make fast to, till they are assigned a berth by the harbour authorities ; all vessels remaining more than a few hours being obliged to moor in tier, a necessary, but a most objectionable regulation. The commandant of the harbour was very civil, and gave us the best berth he could among the government ships, where we were tolerably safe from vermin. The great objec-

tion to mooring in tier, is the chance of whom your neighbour may be, perhaps you get alongside a Greek corn vessel, if you do you may expect a considerable and varied addition to your live stock, rats, &c., but I had better not go through the entomological category; suffice it to say, they are very nasty little beasts whose names are not usually mentioned in polite society, where it is supposed their presence is never discovered.

Palermo is famed and I must allow deservedly so, for the beauty of the bay to which it gives its name. The bay is a deep bight between Monte Pellegrino on the west, and Capo Zaffarana on the east; both of them fine and striking in their appearance—but I had better drop descriptions, they don't suit my peculiar style, nor can I describe cities, or their architecture, population, commonwealth, churches or celebrities. One thing did strike me, bye the bye, as worth mentioning: a catacomb full of dried monks. I should rather be buried any day than hung up in a niche in a wall, a dried, ill-savoured scarecrow, for strangers to look at, and most probably remark—confound their impertinence—"what an ugly sinner he must have been when he was alive." The smell! —but visitors will find that out for themselves—it passes description, unless I were to give a

chapter on chemistry. The city is a fine one no doubt, but in a rather worse condition than when I saw it two years previously; then it was all in a buzz of excitement, Garibaldi's revolution had just ended, and every man, woman, and child believed that the millennium had dawned, that the happy epoch had commenced when everyone was to be happy, free and rich, without the least individual exertion: but now they had just found out that no matter what government ruled, they had to work for their own bread just the same. The reaction after the excitement had set in; the *couleur de rose* had disappeared, and they all seemed out of temper. I dare say they will settle down bye and bye, all serene again, if Sicilians or Italians ever can; but I think a revolution is rather a dangerous sort of dose for them. Two years ago, knowing what had just happened, it did not seem extraordinary to see all the marble statues in the principal squares, with their noses, heads and arms knocked off, the "bullets of a brave people in their struggle to throw off the tyrant's yoke" accounted for that. But now, that the brave people's struggle was over, the yoke unyolked, this phase of dilapidation did not look so well. A handsome statue staring you in the face (but he could not do that, as having no head, he could hardly have any

eyes) when bereft of the romantic gilding of the circumstance that had deprived him of his head, looked decidedly bad. The convent, the scene of the great massacre, was then in the same state of ruin as the attack had left it. In fact, nothing in the way of repair seemed to have been attempted since. The only thing that looked at all like renovation, was the immense number of babies deriving maternal nutriment: two or three at every door, all about the same age, and all similarly employed. When I last had the pleasure of visiting Palermo, I was forcibly struck by the same circumstance; not knowing then much about such matters, I attributed the fact to the season of the year, (it was spring, the month of May,) or perhaps to the revolution, which had then only just passed over; but now it was November, with no revolution preceding, and I was confronted by the same fact; indeed they looked like the very same babies I had admired (of course?) two years before, No! (I fancy I hear a ranting patriot exclaim) it was "the living stream of fresh blood flowing in to defend the fatherland, to replace the martyred warriors who had lost their lives in that glorious struggle." Hear, hear! well done old fellow! let us hope when the babies do replace the warriors they will do a little repairs. All this time my friend

and I were driving about, resuscitating our recollections of the place. We had dug up our old friend, the vendor of melons. N. B.—Reader, if you have a sweet tooth, there is an undeniable compôt of melon made at Palermo.

We had a look at the view again from Mon Real, and came back by a road skirting the foot of the hills which form Capo de Gallo, a very pretty drive; I then told the driver to go the "Corso da Liberta:" he put on a long face and said that name was tabooed, and that now the place I referred to was called the "Jardiniere Inglese." Victor Emanuel's government, now that it was fairly seated, did not admire the sound of the word "Liberta." Right! I am sure it is not a wholesome word when shouted by the "vox populi;" it has been and will be the excuse for many a bloody deed. Well, but what on earth made them hit on such a name as the "English Gardens"? they had to devise some name that would suit both parties: the "oi poloi," and the "big wigs" had to be pleased; the former knew that England was the very type of freedom, civil and religious; the latter, that it was only another name for everything that is straight and fair, and still the most staple government in existence; so it suited both parties, and that which in Bomba's time was the "Strada Reale," in revolution time "Corso da

Liberta," in Victor Emanuel's time was dubbed "Jardiniere Inglese." Well, we got there in time to see all the wealth and beauty of Palermo issue forth for the usual evening drive ; we drove up and down until we got quite sick of it, and then went on board.

We stayed at Palermo till the 24th. Why, I don't know, for it was mighty dull, except that the weather was dirty, and we were not due at Naples till the 2nd of December. However, at 3 p. m. on the 24th, with a fair wind we got under weigh, and anchored off the new mole at Naples at 1 p. m. on the 25th. The fair wind we sailed with, continued steady all night, but increased to a whole gale with daylight, and we had wet work getting in, as we drove her hard ; when there we had to bring up in the open roads, to wait for leave to go into the new mole ; the other choice being, to moor in tier among a lot of fusty merchantmen. The leave came at last, from the civil Admiral of the port ; but it seemed a very long hour, as it was blowing great guns and we were lying at a single anchor with a rocky mole only fifty yards to leeward : however all's well that ends well. We got in and snugly moored by dark, when it came on to blow harder than ever, with thunder, lightning and hail. The two French mail steamers put back. Altogether we thought ourselves much snugger in

than out; broke our stern hawser in the night, and nearly lost one of the hands in sending our chain cable ashore in the morning to replace it. We found two yachts as our companions, "F——" cutter, 111 tons, and the "C——" schooner, 160. The weather continued so bad all day that there was nothing to be done, but smoke, read, and write letters. We had to send a special embassy to the captain of the port, to ask leave for our dogs to land on the rocks of the new mole; as it was all railed in on the land side we could leave them there to amuse themselves, which was a great boon, as the long sea work was beginning to tell upon them. The Admiral had to be consulted, and about a score of messages passed between us upon the subject; but at last the leave was given, the dogs were landed, and as a sort of thanksgiving, they slew four rats on the spot.

Time wore on till December the 1st dawned, when the spirit of prophecy being strong upon me, I pulled out to meet a French mail steamer that was coming in, and took off her my wife and the remainder of the party for whom we were waiting. We remained at Naples till the 6th, to allow the ladies to recover from the fatigues of their long rough sea voyage from Marseilles, although they vehemently asseverated that none of them had

been sick; but as the vessel was nearly lost or run down, or something very bad, a little rest was necessary. Well, on the 6th their troubles really began; we got under weigh in the morning with a nice fresh easterly breeze, ran over to Capri to try to see the Grotto Azzuro, but in vain; it was too rough, and we kept up for Campanella Point and got round him about 11 a. m. Out of the Gulf of Salerno it blew hard and cold, and we saw no more of the ladies; it blew so hard during the afternoon that we had to stow foresail, and double reef mainsail. I had the first watch that night, and Stromboli was kind enough to treat me to an eruption.

Sunday 7th.

Beautiful morning, moderate and water smooth. A little after 10 a. m. we got up to the Faro light, and carried a steady northerly breeze through the Straits of Messina—escaped the two bugbears of the ancients, Scylla and Charybdis. To my weak mind they always seemed very harmless. The former is a rock with a town built on it, which you must be very blind indeed to blunder up against; the latter, could only at times be called a sort of small whirlpool, and is generally only a spot of agitated water curling in rapid eddies; it is formed at the back of the Braccio di St. Rainiere by the strong tide. There is a regular tide in the Straits

running about six hours each way, and the currents and eddies formed by these tides are troublesome enough if you do not understand them, but as there are regular directions published for sailing through the Straits, I am not going to plunge into the subject. By 1 p. m. we passed Reggio and carried a fresh N. N. E. breeze along the shore, till about 3 p. m. when we sailed into a flat calm, and into a fleet of all kinds of nations and riggs, and to make matters better we had a very heavy swell up from S. S. E. My soft and tender heart bled for the ladies; indeed they did not mind the sickness when they knew they were moving, but to be sick and staying still was an aggravation never contemplated. "Ladies! ladies, take warning and don't be too sure that because you are not sick upon a steamer, you will not be sick upon a yacht."

Monday 8th.

Calm, with westerly swell, cats paws now and again off the shore, which crept us up to Cape Stilo.

Tuesday 9th.

Dawned upon us calm as ever, not more than thirty miles further on our course. During these last two days we had a splendid view of old Etna, with his snow-capped summit towering above the clouds; he must have been over sixty miles distant,

and appeared to be up in a different world from us; his base was indistinct and hardly discernable from the clouds and vapours of the land, but he rose majestic above all with his snowy outline sharp and clear against the blue sky, and when tinged and gilded by the rays of either the rising or setting sun, was something more than beautiful; but we had looked at him long enough. The light air which had come up from the E. N. E. was now freshening and going round to N. N. W., and W. backing out against the sun "all right so long as it is fair": we stuck the muslin on her, and soon lost sight of Etna. At 4 p. m. close-reefed mainsail, and took in jib—5 p. m. heavy squall; came up about W. N. W. "In square sail!" "Stand by the peak and throat halliards, lower away the mainsail—smart my lads!" Down it came, feather white, with buckets of rain; wicked while it lasted; but soon over, although it was only the precursor to a whole gale of wind which continued all night, having first shifted into N. W. to make us more comfortable by keeping up a cross sea and catching us on our beam. At half-past four a. m. on Wednesday the 10th, we sighted Paxo light, and the island itself shortly afterwards. By 7 a. m. we got inside Corfu, and by 8 a. m. round the buoy on Bianco shoal. While under lee of the island we had it a little moderate, but as soon as we

opened the inner channel the wind came right down it, as though through a funnel. In a N. W. wind, as this was, the lying at Corfu is decidedly bad. I have lain there three days in a gale, without being able to communicate with the shore, and as this was not a pleasant prospect at the end of a thirty miles beat dead to windward, such being the distance from Paxo up to Corfu, I determined to poke into one of the many little ports on the Albanian coast: some of them are the snuggest little places imaginable, smooth as a duck-pond in any wind, and first-rate anchorage. The nearest to us was formed by the Island of Mourtzo (which used to be a first-rate beat for pig), but when we got up there, I could see, over the ledge of rock which land-locks it, that it was crowded with vessels. So there was nothing for it, but to haul our wind and try further up. Gomenitza was the next, a much larger bay and just as good shelter; at about 11 a. m. the words "let go the anchor," brought life to the unfortunate sick below.

"Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings."

What a magic effect the anchor has upon the sick: in less than half-an-hour snatches of songs might be heard, then "steward, tea and toast;" I thought I heard "sardines," but I am not quite certain; and at tiffin had not they just a twist, finishing all that

was left of our Naples fresh provisions; then "go ashore," that was the next song, only just to put the foot upon something firm that did not heave about and turn upside down—it would be so delightful. The dogs too, poor beasts, seconded the petition with all their eloquence. But no! there could be no landing. I fancy I can hear some pretty little rebel saying "what a nasty, cruel, straight-laced old prig he must be, not to let the poor ladies land after their tossing!" Yes, my dear, anything you like, but with the alternative of a seven day quarantine at Corfu, or telling a lie to the sanita man. I put it to the ladies themselves, and they agreed it was better not to go ashore. One of the questions you are asked on your honour when getting pratique is, whether you have landed anywhere, or had communication with any other vessel, since getting your bill of health at your last port: if you have, your bill of health goes for nothing, and it is discretionary with the officer to pop you into quarantine, a temptation they can seldom forego—so the ladies and the dogs had to stay on board. My friend and I went off in the cutter to try to replenish the larder and get some wild fowl, for their recovering appetites. There were lots of widgeon and ducks about in the bay, but they were too wide awake to let us near them, and as

the sea was our only legitimate ground, we had to return on board empty-handed. I found the water about two feet higher than it was on my last visit and in pulling round the bay, I saw a lagoon running into Livitazza bay, which seemed perfectly navigable for the punt, of which circumstance I made due note for future operations, and thereby, got at least a couple of very fair bags. In the evening the wind fell, and came off the shore from the E., cold and cutting, fresh from the snow on the Albanian hills. The "F——" cutter passed up to Corfu about dark.

Thursday 11*th.*

Under weigh at daylight, got up close to the citadel of Corfu, when it fell dead calm. By dint of towing we got into the roads by 3 p. m. Pratique obtained, the ladies went ashore, rewarded for yesterday's disappointment, not only by routing up a number of old friends, but by getting a heap of letters from home. Found two yachts in, the R. Y. S. "L——" yawl, 90 tons. She only got in the same time yesterday that we got into Gomenitza, having sprung her mainmast in the same gale. The "F——" had washed away part of her bulwarks. So ended our voyage out, over the details of which I feel I have been unwarrantably prolix at the risk of testing my readers

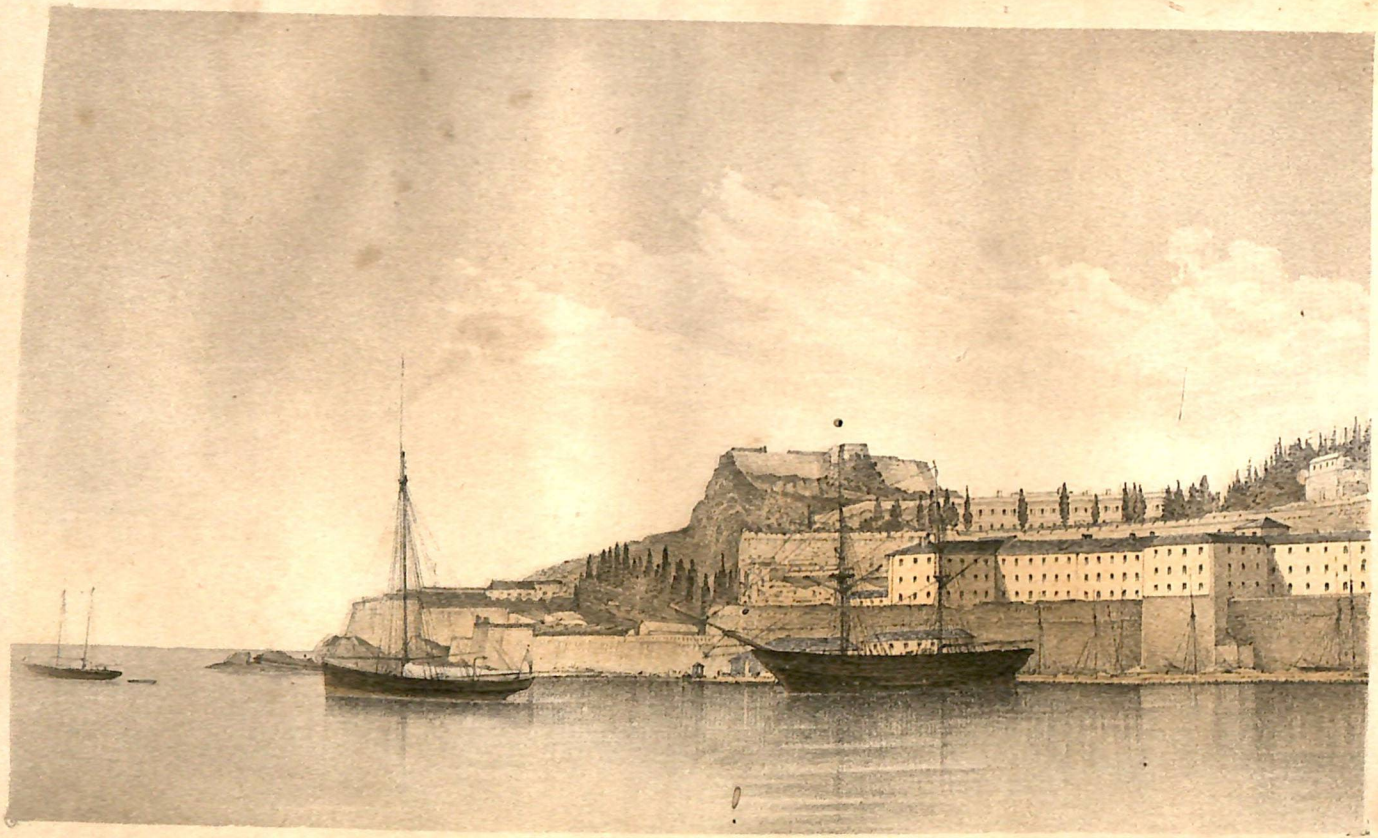
patience beyond endurance. But I have been asked by so many to describe, "what sort of a life one led during a sea voyage on a yacht? what time one took to go here? what time there? what sort of weather one encountered?" Some buoyed up with the hope that it was all fair sailing, fine weather and smooth water; others deterred from trying the experiment, from the dread of unutterable danger, that it occurred to me, the best way of replying to all these queries would be to give a plain unvarnished account or daily journal of what was a very average passage from Ireland to Corfu, so that those who were anxious for information upon the subject might judge for themselves from the details what sort of a life they might have to undergo, and those who did not care about it could pass it over.

CHAPTER VI.

Our Guns—Sunday on board—Livitazza Bay—Punt shooting—Ammunition all right—First visit to Livitazza—Sport at Gomenitza—Albanian dogs—An unpleasant and ridiculous adventure—The last straw laid upon the camel's back—The Pagagna pig coverts—Hints on pig shooting—Return to Corfu roads—Christmas day at Corfu—The Ionian demonstration—The grievances of the Ionians—Ionian reflections—The Cession of the Ionian Islands—Neddy's mishap.

Friday 12*th.*

Shipped Christofolo Julio as beater. I had written out from England to Mr. Taylor to ask him to engage Julio for me. One's chance of success after big game depends in a great measure upon the sort of beater you have; and having known this man before to be A 1 of his class at Corfu, I was glad to find that I had been successful in securing him, so having introduced him individually to the dogs, we put them all in the dingy together to better their acquaintance and sent them on shore. All the morning we were as busy as nailers, preparing for opening the campaign, wiping, cleaning, and putting guns together, as well as over-hauling ammunition. Our list of guns shewed



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CITADEL OF CORFU.

the following. To begin with the biggest: first came "Brown Bess," Colonel Hawker's own gun, the same that was exhibited in the great Exhibition of 1851: eight feet long in the barrel, inch and a-half bore, 168 lbs. weight, carried a charge of from three to four ounces of powder, and from sixteen to nineteen ounces of shot. We then had, between us, five double-barrelled smooth bores, Rigby's and Truelock's, a double-barrelled twelve bore Rigby rifle each, which was our chief dependance to swell the bag; besides six ship muskets, which we used to give to the men loaded with slugs when beating a covert; twelve Enfield rifles—but they with sundry carronades were intended for defensive not offence purposes. I intended to have gone over to Livitazza in the evening to have opened the war on the ducks and woodcock, but it came on so dirty in the evening, that, although we had got under weigh, we put back.

Saturday 13th.

Blowing hard about S. S. E. riding our hawse holes under. Ladies began to get sick, so before communication was cut off I sent them ashore to stay till the gale was over. A note was soon sent on board to say there was to be a dinner party that night at the house where they had been asked to stay, and that they wanted their

evening clothes. Then came the job to find them. Only for the stewardess, I should have emptied all the lockers and drawers into a big box, and sent all ashore together. She insisted however that it was possible to find the articles mentioned in the list, and it was better to go through them in detail; such a collection! Gowns or dresses sewed up in sheets like pillows, pocket handkerchiefs stuck into things like gigantic needle books, which she called "sachets" or some name like it—but it is impossible to describe half the queer gimcracks that I came across in my rummaging. I soon got bewildered and went on deck, leaving the matter to the stewardess, who seemed quite at home, and not at all puzzled. She must be a clever woman, and equal to almost any exigency. I never had thought very much of her before, but her cool and collected conduct under these trying circumstances raised her ten per cent. in my estimation, more especially as she had up to this appeared to be of a very timid temperament, always petitioning for one of the men to escort her to chapel and back, afraid to move a step on shore alone. I am very much of opinion that this timidity of the poor dear woman was made the subject of some very rude jokes. One morning I heard the following dialogue on her petitioning for a safeguard to and from her

prayers. I did not hear very distinctly; indeed eavesdropping is a horrid mean trick, but on board ship you sometimes cannot help it, circumstances and speeches obtrude themselves upon your notice whether you like them or not. However, I think she was requested to say what she was afraid of. Oh! she did not know, she "was afraid of the men." "No fear," was the rude rejoinder, "if any one did run away with you when it was dark, as soon as daylight came, he would be sure to put you down."

Sunday 14*th*

Was a calm morning and the water was as smooth as glass. One recommendation to Corfu Roads is, that although it does blow very hard there indeed, and when the wind is either S. E. or N. W., from which points the drift is longest, there is an angry jump of a sea with it, yet the instant the wind falls the sea goes down also, and you are not persecuted with that nasty ground swell, which in some other roadsteads runs for days after the gale is over. At 11 a. m. we descried the ladies on the steps of San Nicolo signalling to come off. On their arrival on board we had our usual service: as long as they were with us we had singing and chanting led either by the piano or flute-harmonium, and as some of the

men had very good voices, and all had good ears (I think all sailors have a taste for music) we made up a very passable choir.

Monday 15*th.*

Very heavy rain all the morning. We waited for the mail-steamer till half-past 1 p. m. to get our letters, and then got under weigh for Livitazza. It was very nearly calm, only a catspaw now and again, so that we considered ourselves fortunate to reach it before 7 p. m. The course from Corfu by compass is about S. E. by S., distance fifteen miles. For a person unacquainted with the appearance of the coast, it is not advisable to keep to the E. of this course as the Bacchante Flat, which in some parts has not more than a fathom of water on it, extends out for some distance. It begins about eight or ten miles to the southward of Corfu, and continues to the very entrance of Livitazza or Vattuzzo Bay (as it is also called); it is formed by what appears to be a high rocky peninsula (it is really an island) which divides it on the southward from Gomenitza Bay, and shelters it on the W. from the sea; on N. E. side it is bound by the mainland, and the low sandy point of Kalamo where the river of the same name runs into the sea. This low point must be avoided as it runs off shoal a long way. When entering the bay hug the rocky

shore on the starboard hand : close to this shore there is water enough to float a frigate right into the very end of the bay, the further in the better the shelter, first-rate anchorage, and good holding ground all over it. The place is well-marked and easily discernible from Corfu. Apparently in the very middle of the bay there stands a round hill covered with brushwood, and on about the middle of the hill a staring square white house, which as it is quite unlike anything else on the coast, makes an unmistakable land-mark, guiding the sportsman to by far the best marsh ground in the vicinity of Corfu. It is a regular clover field for the wild fowler, swarming with all kinds of birds—duck, mallard, widgeon, curwidgeon, teal, black and red divers, a few swans, plover of all sorts, snipe, woodcock, etc. On the north bank of the river lies a large swamp, stretching for miles, both inland and along the shore. This is full of ponds with muddy sedgy banks, and is quite a strong hold for ducks.

I have had very fair sport with the punt outside on the shoal-water of the Bacchante Flat, of which this marsh is really only a dry part, when there were a couple of guns keeping the birds on the move in the swamp. The woodcock shooting is not nearly so good as in many other parts, but still I have seen very fair bags

made. The covert is awfully thorny, regular "wait-a-bits" like Indian jungle, varied with the long straight thorns of the mimosa. This sort of jungle is not however peculiar to this place, it is the general character of the underwood throughout the whole of Albania, and will open the eyes of young sportsmen who get into it for the first time, convincing them that the name of "wait-a-bit" is a good one for a thorn which is more like a fish hook than anything I have ever seen. Further inland than the White-house Hill, round and about which the woodcock covert lies, there is a low, wet, sedgy plain, where, if you are a decent shot, you may pick up your twenty brace of snipe. About the whole of this country, more particularly in the woodcock covert, pigs may be got, but the covert is so straggling and unmanageable, that we always voted it a waste of time to try it, and curbing our ambition turned our attention to the "long bills" and "quack quacks."

Was I not glad to get into the punt again alongside of the old gun on the morning of Tuesday the 16th, the first day of our campaign? The voyage and sea-work was over for a time at least, and now the fun was to begin. Punt shooting—many abuse it, calling it wholesale slaughter and murder, a pursuit only fit for fisher-

men, thus (they must excuse me for saying it) betraying alike their ignorance of, and utter unfitness for the sport. I should much like to put one of those who condemn it as slaughter and murder into a punt (always excepting my own) with a big gun, everything correct and in proper order, show him a lot of wild-fowl under every favourable circumstance, offer him a reward of sufficient magnitude, if such were possible, to still the pricking of his tender conscience at the commission of such a bloody act, and see how many he would kill. It strikes me his bag would be easily carried. It is not such a simple matter as it may seem, to make an effective shot into a large flock of wild-fowl. How to calculate properly distance and elevation experience alone can teach, and even a small error on either of these points may let the fowl go off unscathed. With your punt pitching and rolling in a tide way, it requires some skill and sharpness to handle your ponderous weapon with effect: it depends upon yourself whether you kill your birds, or bury your charge in the breast of a wave about five yards distant from the muzzle of your gun. Hardship there is in it no doubt, more or less, and being wet and bitter cold through a winter's night does not suit our drawing-room sportsmen. There is no red coat or fine get-up to be worn that could

tempt them to enlist themselves in our ranks, our uniform is of the lightest colour and warmest stuff we can get, no regulation as to shape or cut. Well never mind, they have their pursuits and we have ours, we need never clash : if they laugh at us for being fools to spend nights out in the cold, when we could sit at home by the fire, we can magnanimously commiserate them for their soft and tender nature, which cannot appreciate sport, unless it can be pursued with ease and comfort.

Well, I am off with Jack, a lad reared on the Lymington flats, and used to the work from a child. The first business is to overhaul everything in the punt, as on the first set out, you are almost sure to have forgotten something, so I commence to call over the list. The gun one could hardly forget, being too large and important; loading spoons, rammer and sponge. "Here, sir." Cripple net. "Here": it is a sort of light large landing net for picking up the birds, besides often saving time in securing a diving cripple, it is I can assure you no mean promoter of comfort, as you can drain the water off your birds before putting them into the punt, and so help to keep her floor dry. Mast sprit and sail, mud setter, mud boards and mop. "Here they be, sir." These were all stowed forward of the gun. My two double barrels, all right! ammunition

drawers, big-gun cartridges, one doz. s. g., one doz. s. s. g., bag of No. 1 shot, brass powder measure, four lbs. magazine of coarse powder, bag of detonating tubes, small flask of fine powder for priming, and pricker (which called by its right name was a hairpin). "All here, sir." These were the contents of the two foremost drawers; the next ones contained small gun-gear in shape of two powder flasks, two shot belts, in case we wanted to land and separate, cartridges, caps, tow, our eatables, an allowance of either gin, or rum and water for Jack, and sherry for self. Aft of these drawers came Jack's double barrel on one side, and the telescope on the other. All right! I think we have everything. "Pull away"; "hold hard, we have forgotten the eel spear." We pick that up and away we go for good.

I first paddled up to the end of the bay, to see what I could make of the passage into Gomenitza, more for exploration than actual shooting, as unless one knows the lie of the ground or rather of the water, the chances are against one's doing much, and I knew of old that the upper end of Livitazza bay, through which I had to pass was too much shot by the natives who shoot for the Corfu market, to hope much from it. This class of men live by what they shoot and the fish they kill,

boats coming over regularly from Corfu twice or three times a week to take back the produce of their sport. They live in a sort of log hut built upon piles driven into the mud. The floor of the hut just clearing the water by a couple of inches or so. These huts are always built in the middle of a favourite feeding ground, where there is not much more than three or four inches of water over the mud-flat. They are roofed and covered over with sedge, and at a little distance look like an old heap of rushes ; through the ends and sides are a lot of small port holes, and when the unsuspecting ducks or widgeon come to take their supper they are received by a volley from the match-locks in the hut. This place seems to answer very well in the night, but in the day-time the birds give the hut a wide berth. They have adopted another plan for carrying on the war then : all over the bay they have stuck branches of trees to act as sorts of foils ; when a likely lot of birds come down to feed out of range of the huts, they get into their canoes, flat bottomed things, made out of the hollowed butt of a tree ; in the bow of this concern they stick a branch or bush, resembling exactly in colour and shape, those that they have stuck all over the bay. Behind this, my friend lies down sticking the muzzle of his gun out under the bush, and with one hand out over the

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ALBANIANS.

gunwale of the canoe, or whatever you choose to call it, he pushes himself along towards the birds; they taking it for one of the many bushes feed away, and often let him get within thirty or forty yards, when if his gun does not miss fire, which is not unusual, he bags his couple of brace or so.

I never shall forget the astonishment of these hut fellows on my first visit to Livitazza, at the punt and big gun. I was coming up in the punt when I saw a fine lot of widgeon feeding about four or five hundred yards beyond their hut. Down we lay and worked up with the setting pole, these fellows standing in their canoes, which were moored alongside their shanty, in mute wonder at what we were —a long, low, white thing, with a long shining black thing in the middle of it, gliding along in water that their canoes would not float in. This was wonderful enough, but when we had worked up to within two hundred yards of the birds, hard and fast we went on a shoal, from not knowing the lie of the mud: there was no use in trying to get off, the birds were already getting uneasy, and were tolerably scattered, so I gave my companion the agreed on signal to make a noise, by hitting the setting pole against the punt. Up went the birds in a cloud, down went the stock of old "Bess," and bang, the report and volume of smoke, but

above all, the birds tumbling out of the air, filled the measure of their wonder; after me they came punting and paddling with all their might. I showed them everything, and explained the use of all, as well as our mutual slight knowledge of Italian would admit; gave them some fine powder, and thought I had made them my friends for life; however afterwards they never lost an opportunity of spoiling a shot if they could, by putting up any birds I might be after, popping off their guns, shouting, &c.; so I generally voted their bay a blank draw, not only on account of their kind efforts, but because by constant popping at the birds they had made them so wild and restless, that there was very little chance of getting near them.

However, to pursue my voyage: we got up in due course to the end of the bay, and there I found a regular passage or leek through into Gomenitza, about fifteen yards wide in the narrowest place, with about four inches of water over the mud. It became deeper as we went on, and brought us into a fine flat plain, all intersected with leeks and small canals, some with sedge round them. This seemed to be a regular feeding place for the birds. Surrounded by rushes in the middle of the plain there appeared to be a large pond, where I saw the birds rising in clouds and settling

again, but all my attempts to get the punt into it were vain, it had no connection with the sea. After exploring as far as we could float we came back, and found our passage dry, which proves, if any body had any doubt upon the subject, that there is some rise and fall of the tide. There is no way one finds this out so soon as in a punt, which floats in say three inches of water, but it is a bore to find it out by the passage to your dinner being dried altogether.

Fortunately, the mud was soft, and without much trouble we launched her over the barrier, and got on board. We carried on the war till the afternoon of the 18th, killing in all, five-and-a-half brace of ducks, eleven-and-a-half brace of widgeon, two-and-a-half brace of teal, seven-and-a-half brace of woodcock, and two-and-a-half brace of plover. After tiffin, we got under weigh, determining to look up some big game, if fortune was kind enough to smile upon us. As was generally the case, when we wanted to save our daylight into a harbour, it fell dead calm. These calms are sad trials of temper. I have gone over to Pagagna (for which place we were now bound) from Corfu in little over half-an-hour, and I have taken over forty-eight hours to do the same trip! In the present instance, we only got up to it by six, p. m., and had to poke our

way into it in the dark. It is the perfection of a harbour, completely landlocked, formed by a long curved isthmus, the basin of the harbour being at right angles to the entrance, which is about a quarter of a mile long, and not more than twenty yards wide, and although the banks are steep too, it is a very blind place to beat into in the dark; once there, no wind that ever blew could hurt you. I don't think there was ever such a thing as a wave seen in it, so perfectly sheltered is the basin. On the sea side it is protected by a grassy hill like an English down, so high that from the outside the masts of almost any vessel are completely hidden. On the land side, rocky, abrupt, and steep almost straight out of the water rise the Albanian hills in the valleys and corras, between which, are the patches of cover wherein the pigs love to dwell.

On the 19th we started Julio off at break of day to catch some of the Albanian shepherds with their dogs to help to beat. Whenever they can be got, their assistance is invaluable, as they are (the dogs I mean), without exception, as fine a race of animals as I have ever come across. Large, powerful, savage, and half wild, they are most formidable assailants; and indeed their attacks are the greatest danger one has to encounter in Albanian shooting: even in self-defence you dare not shoot them as

their lives are rated far above a man's. If you shot an Albanian, you might get into a row no doubt, but if you shot a dog you would never hear the end of it, and it would be foolish to trust yourself in the same district again ; and when one comes to consider how the shepherds are situated, one cannot wonder that they prize their four-footed allies so highly. Without them, the wolves, jackalls, and foxes would very soon leave the shepherd a Flemish account of his flock ; and yet under the guardianship of these fine dogs, I don't think the denizens of the jungle often get a taste of mutton, even in the lambing season. I have seen a whole flock of sheep with their young lambs left in the middle of a jungle solely and entirely in charge of these dogs ; perhaps twelve or fifteen dogs guarding two hundred sheep, and well they reward the trust reposed in them. They post themselves at various distances, forming a circle round their charge, and woe betide the stranger, be he man or beast, that dares to molest them. I am very fond of dogs, and these noble fellows excited my admiration immensely. I remember watching one hoary patriarch in particular sitting at his post, the very picture of an old fellow who had pursued his dog-path through life uprightly and fearlessly. The scars and cuts, and marks about his noble head spoke of many a

bloody battle, of many a hard fought field. I am sure if we only knew how he came by them, they would have been as clasps and medals and Victoria crosses to the old hero. He seemed, while he sat thinking, as if his mind had wandered back to the adventures and scenes of his past life, which now, in all dog probability, was near its close. He was disturbed from his reverie by a little lamb staggering up to him, and falling against his shaggy side. He turned his great head round and looked at the little beast, licking his old chops as much as to say, "I should like awfully to eat you, but I am in honour bound to defend you;" and to avoid temptation, he got up and stalked away. Our chaps came up at the time, and as if to prove the good faith of his promise to the lamb, he went at them with all his might. Pick up a stone, of which they have a most wholesome dread, and show a fearless front, and they are not difficult to keep off.

Sometimes, however, if you are alone, they will charge home, and then it does become serious; I have known some serious accidents to happen, and have heard of many more. One officer who was with us, was bitten twice and so badly too, that each time he was laid up for nearly three weeks. A reverend gentleman from the garrison, also came in for a mauling; and ill-natured folk said

that the dogs did not approve of clergymen shooting. Another son of Mars, although he was not hurt, came in for rather an unpleasant and ridiculous adventure. He was shooting in some place about Santa Quoranta, when coming alone, as he thought, upon a tempting-looking river, he determined (the day being hot) on having a bath; accordingly he peeled off his clothes, leaving them naturally on the bank with his gun, and proceeded to enjoy himself. He had not, however, been long paddling about, when two savages, in the shape of two Albanian dogs, came down upon him. The water proved his protection, as they would not face it, but they took precious good care he should not come out, and posted themselves accordingly as sentinels over his clothes. How long he was kept there I do not know, nor will I vouch for the truth of the report that it was the women out of the village that rescued him, but so I have been told.

Even the Albanians themselves sometimes get roughly handled by their dogs. I remember once, on passing near a village or shepherd's camp, accompanied by some of the men belonging to it, the dogs came out at us; one of the men ran towards them, shouting at them, to drive them back. I suppose they did not recognize him, but whether they did or not, at him they went and had

him pulled down in a moment; and he had to thank his thick sheepskin cloak for a whole skin. They are not all good dogs for hunting, and the shepherds often object to take them away from the care of the sheep; but when you do meet a good one, and that they will lend him, he is worth a tribe of beaters, not so much for finding the game as for pushing him when found.

A wild pig has exactly the same character as a tame one, and that is a fixed determination to go the opposite way to where he is wanted; so that when the spaniels or beaters put up a pig, the chances are he breaks back. Then the Albanian dog displays his good qualities, he goes at him, and bundles him out of the covert before he has time to find out which way he will not go, (for that I take it is always a pig's consideration), out he goes without a moment's breathing time—woof, woof, grunt, grunt, when, if there is luck and straight powder with the party, the crack of a rifle ends poor piggy's race. If the Albanian dog is with the corpse, do not go rushing up, carried away by the delight of slaying your first pig, or the dog will attack you as sure as fate.

Well, this time we got the Albanians but no dogs, they said they had none that were any good, so we had to make the best of our own; and

now came the time to decide whether we were to be repaid for all we had gone through on the voyage out, or to be left the unlucky creditors, with a long list of filth and abomination unatoned for. Many is the time I watched the skipper's face gradually elongating till I thought it would surpass himself in length, as inconceivable horrors met his view about the deck, on whose pristine snowy whiteness he used to delight and pride himself. Alas! alas! planing and scraping irons, lime juice, and soda in the dim prospect of futurity was his only solace; prevention there was none, buckets upon buckets of water the only remedy, and I need not tell you how much of that we had. I often thought, as I sat upon the deck at midnight, when the bells were striking the hour, what a different world this would be if all Christians, in the little ups and downs of life took example by our skipper, and treated their offending brethren with the same forbearance that he treated the sinning dogs. Once, and only once, I saw "the last straw laid upon the camel's back," and the barrier of his good-natured patience break down; and it was, fair reader, enough to vex a saint. It was a fine bright day; we were at anchor, having had a run of dirty wet weather; all the standing sails were loosed, and spread about the

deck to dry. Master Dash, the dirtiest of the dirty, the most execrable of the canine race, had managed, by way of making himself more agreeable to society, to get up an attack of mange, to counteract which I had anointed him with a preparation the chief component parts of which were sulphur, charcoal, and train oil: his appearance and peculiar odour I leave you to imagine. I was reading on the poop when suddenly I was almost paralyzed by a cry of such thrilling, heart-rending agony as I shall never forget; it sounded as if the grief of ages had found vent in one loud cry. Before me stood the skipper, transfixed to the deck, gazing in mute horror on Dash, who had comfortably coiled himself up in a black, greasy ball in the middle of the mainsail. The subject is too painful to pursue, the eviction of the dog, the boiling and washing and boiling again of the sail, or rather the damaged part of it, I must leave to the imagination.

The spaniels had acquitted themselves pretty tolerably after the woodcocks at Livitazza, so we ventured to hope that they might take kindly to pigs. The peculiar charm of the Pagagna country is that the coverts are in small patches, so that if the game is to the fore the chances are in favour of your getting a shot, always provided you take the

proper precautions, such as not making a row before you begin to beat, paying attention to the wind, and such like, which I take for granted the veriest tyro is too well up to to require any admonitions about. This day our fortune was not good. We found during the day three pigs, three deer, and sundry jackalls, but we got only two shots, both of which have to be recorded as misses; however missing a pig or a jackall running through a thick covert more than a hundred yards distance with a rifle, is an accident which happens to all sometimes. The game was not plenty, at least compared with what I had seen on former occasions in the same country. There was one covert which I remembered in particular, a small triangular one, with a sort of valley in it, formed by the junction of two small hills. Whichever way we beat, we always got to this covert about mid-day, when it was our custom to halt for half an hour or so for lunch, and to rest the men and dogs; so that by common consent it was called the "tiffin covert." Out of this (we always beat it, mind, before we baited) I saw eight pigs walk in Indian file, besides deer and jackalls. I must confess that neither before or since have I ever seen so many collected in a small patch of jungle. On the day I refer to we killed two pigs; but those eight

cheated us: one of them went away with a broken hind leg, but we never got him.

All the other coverts about this country except one are of the same style, small and easily surrounded, which is the great secret of not letting the game get away; as a rule try always to drive a covert for pigs up a hill, posting your guns on the top and sides: the guns on the side should move quietly on when the beaters come up to them, keeping about twenty yards in advance; the guns on the top should be posted close enough to preclude the possibility of the game passing between them unseen, and should under no pretext whatever speak, move or make the slightest noise; should you have any guns to spare after guarding well the top or end of your beat, and the sides, let them act as a rear guard in case of the game breaking back, which is far from an unusual occurrence if you have not the assistance of the Albanian dogs to force the pigs forward. My reason for saying above "the top or end" is that you must always pay attention to the wind. I cannot enforce this rule too strongly upon young sportsmen; if they do not regard it rigidly many will be their disappointments. It often happens that the wind does not answer for driving a covert up; and as it is never a good plan to drive it down

the only way is then to drive it across or along the side of the hill, posting the guns that would have been on the top had the wind allowed it, at the end of the beat instead, guarding the sides in the same way, only increasing the strength of your rearguard. The reason for paying so much attention to the wind is this : all wild animals are provided by a wise and merciful providence with peculiarly sensitive organs of both hearing and smelling ; to these they mainly owe their safety, and to these senses they are indebted for timely warning to escape from enemies with whom they cannot cope in strength. By remaining perfectly motionless you may, even in an exposed open place, deceive their sight ; but do what you will you can never deceive either their ears or noses. The wind, we all know, carries both scent and sound, and it will not take much argument to prove that when you are on the weather side of a covert the animals in it have a much better chance of being able both to hear and smell you than if you are to leeward. Attention should also be paid to your clothes ; avoid all gaudy or striking colours, and choose a tint as nearly as possible the same as the ground or cover you are going to shoot ; for instance, a sort of slate-coloured drab does splendidly for stony grey hills, with withered grass on

them; coat, trousers and cap all of the same colour.

In India in the hot weather when the grass on the hills burns to rather a reddish hue, we used to get our clothes died with a decoction of oak bark. I have often been at a loss to discover where my companion was when posted on a hill; I have stared, and stared in vain, till some slight movement on his part revealed his position. In Albania or any other country where the sun has not such grilling power, the reddish hue would not answer.

The best sort of stuff for Albanian shooting, so far as my experience goes, is a sort of double twilled jean, it is the best for the thorns which is no mean recommendation, and its colour being admirable it requires no doctoring.

Well, we got back on board about dark, rather pleased at the behaviour of our dogs—Vido, did credit to my education and gave us promise of good help; Carlo, Bob, and Trap, were as merry and busy as bees, but that miserable wretch, Dash, would do nothing but keep to heel, which bye the bye, he never would do when it was required of him at home, and he ended his day by coiling himself up under a bush where we left him, rather hoping that the wolves and jackalls would relieve us of his company—but no such luck. After din-

ner while R. and I were smoking on deck, we heard sundry splashes alongside, and looking over there was friend Dash swimming round the vessel, corroborating the old saying about the bad halfpenny that always comes back.

We took him on board of course, and then and there held a court-martial upon him, the sentence passed being "that he should hang by the neck until he was dead," unless we could find some person in Corfu fool enough to take a present of him.

Saturday 20th.

Wet. Two Corfu yachts had come in during the night. Our dogs all looked as if they had had work enough—indeed to my grief Vido showed evident symptoms of distemper. All these reasons combined decided us on returning to Corfu: accordingly, after breakfast we got under weigh with a light S. E. wind, and were anchored in Corfu roads by 12 o'clock, where we remained idle so far as the shooting was concerned, until the 26th. One day we made an attempt to get over to Trescogli in company with the "L——," but the weather came on too dirty, and we ended by anchoring for the night in Butrinto Bay, getting back to Corfu next morning.

The R. Y. S. schooner "P——," and the R. V. Y. C. schooner "C——" came in. Vido got

worse, and I had to send him on shore to be taken care of, as much for the sake of his comfort and our own, as to remove the chance of infection, or contagion (I believe I should call it) as the infection was already there. We decided upon the necessity of investing in another dog, and despatched Julio on shore to hunt one up. The "P——'s" monkey was transferred to us. The above are the only circumstances I see recorded up to the 24th, when, of course, we dressed the ship for Christmas day, and thanks to the ladies' neat and nimble fingers, I flatter myself, the R. Y. S. "Eva" was not the worst dressed vessel in the Roads. It was rather good to see the rise in the value of evergreens. Holly there was none of—I believe a branch of it would have fetched any sum. But of ilex, orange branches, rhododendrons, myrtle, lauristina, &c. there were boats upon boats full, pulling from one vessel to another in search of the best market; the quantities the men of war used must have left some gardens bare enough.

The 25th came in due course with its best clothes, roast beef, and plum-pudding.

Although Christmas day in the Greek Church is kept according to what is termed the old style, that is, twelve days later than our almanack gives it. The Corfuites determined not to allow our great

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festivity to pass over without some mark of celebration on their part, and accordingly got up what they were pleased to call a demonstration in favour of the annexation of the Ionian Islands with the kingdom of Greece, the theme which was then uppermost in every mind. I was asked to go and see it, assured that it would be a most important political affair, evincing how unanimous the Ionians were in desiring emancipation from the British rule. I quote as nearly as I can remember my informant's words; but I should remark that the gentleman in question was at the time smarting under his dismissal from a post which he had for some years held under the British Government: he said that "it was one of those smothered throes of agony felt by a free spirit groaning under a tyrant's yoke"—"a spontaneous burst of joy at the prospect of being once again joined to Fatherland—to the kingdom of their ancestors, who had been the conquerors of the world—the trampled upon, dissevered branch again united to the parent stem," &c. &c.

I felt that either the historical branch of my education had been strangely neglected, or that my pastors and masters had wilfully misinformed me; for up to that minute I had always supposed that the Ionians were descended from the Venetians,

and not from the Greeks. Of course I did not exhibit my ignorance; indeed I must confess that my friend had by this time worked himself up into such a state of excitement that I was in bodily fear of even breathing such a supposition, if I did he would certainly have jumped down my throat, and I experienced a great sensation of relief when he took himself off without me to witness the demonstration. I must allow that my curiosity was excited by part of his description. It did puzzle me how such opposite feelings as agony and joy—"a throe of agony"—"a spontaneous burst of joy," could be evinced by the same persons at the same time, but my instinctive abhorrence of all mobs or of anything connected with a mob extinguished the curiosity, and I remained quietly on board, nor did I regret having done so, when I heard the demonstration described afterwards by one who had been present at it.

I think such public demonstrations are at all times objectionable; if they are successful, as it is termed, or attended by large numbers of those interested in the project or cause, they seldom end without bloodshed or violence; if they are not successful they are simply ridiculous, only affording a pretext for pickpockets and idlers to assemble. I do not know whether these "sons

of Spartan mothers" have yet been initiated into the mysteries of picking pockets; if not their appearance sorely belied them: ferocious-looking heroes, with black eyes, black moustachios, black imperials, hats with very small brims, indescribable neck ties, Noah's Ark coats buttoned across the chest with a martial air, peg-top trowsers and high-heeled boots. Has the reader ever seen an individual to whom this description would apply hovering about the precincts of Leicester Square? —well, a mob of these "notables" formed the main body of this demonstration, to which, if you add a van and rear guard of ragged urchins, and a banner of a strange device, which the heroes bore, you will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of what the demonstration upon Christmas day was like.

I am afraid, that as an example of the unanimity of the Ionians in rejoicing at their expected deliverance, it was a failure. I believe there was scarcely one respectable individual present, and in my opinion the proposed annexation was not by any means hailed with such joy by the real owners of the soil—the landed gentry—as their town cousins would have had us to believe. That they had their grievances no one can doubt; of course they complained of their taxation,—what nation

does not? they were vexed because most of the Government posts were filled by Englishmen and not by Ionians—this was but natural, and it was seized upon with avidity as a national slight.

But the Ionians must forgive me when I say, that judging from the manner in which those who were in office filled their stations, it was perhaps for the advantage of society at large that they were not more generally employed. They were sorely vexed because the Greek Archbishop had not been invited to one of the Lord High Commissioner's dinner parties on some occasion when his diocesans (or whatever you call them) considered that etiquette, policy, or respect, etc. should have secured to his Grace a ticket for soup. They were justly incensed by the arbitrary and sudden removal from the bench of the two Greek judges, men who filled their arduous and responsible office with credit to themselves and advantage to the district under their rule, and were consequently most justly and universally respected; indeed about this time there were two or three dismissals, under circumstances which, if the brazen tongue of rumour spake truly, were far from creditable to the executive.

The governor of the prison was tried by a jury of his own prisoners, on a charge which emanated

from the posthumous over-hauling of a private individual's correspondence, and dismissed. Guilty or not guilty, I have not to give the verdict, but this I will say, a better managed establishment than the prison was under his rule I never saw, and I have on more than one occasion heard ample tribute paid by those who were able and experienced judges of the way in which both the discipline of a prison and its internal arrangements should be carried out, to the perfect system by which it was conducted; another reason—but I might go on for a hundred others, I might fill volumes with the list of "insolences of office and the scorns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," till perhaps the mere reading of them would prove as irksome to the reader as the enduring proved galling to the Ionians. I do not for a moment question their existence. I am well aware that their national and proper pride was often wantonly insulted, and no pains taken to conceal the intention either.

The Ionians, like all southern races, are prone to take offence, are huffy and peppery, and display that over-sensitive sort of pride natural to narrow and little minds, and that irritable excitability of temper only excusable in a spoilt and sickly child. By aggravating those amiable characteristics, and by diligently and unceasingly brushing their hair, as

it were, the wrong way, those in power have during the last six years succeeded in making matters as unpleasant and unsatisfactory as they possibly could. I do not mean to say that either tact or civility would have made the Ionian race satisfied with their position, not at all. Proud, restless, querulous, and variable as the wind, the most that could be said is, that they might have been more dissatisfied under any other protectorate, and about the worst that can be wished them is that they may be left to govern themselves. As they now stand, they have a long list of vexatious, trivial grievances, to place in the scale against great and substantial advantages. When they grumble at their taxes do they consider the millions of English money that have been spent, and are daily in course of being spent, in and upon their island. When the English are gone, what will their market be? No doubt better for those who visit the island in search of sport or pleasure. I have seen the Corfu market up to nearly London prices. When the fleet was there, turkeys and eels, the only decent eatables in it, were worth their weight in gold; you had to pay for that which they called mutton 1/7 per lb.; and for a bit of half-starved bullock, hard as a weather earing, 1/6 was considered cheap. Vegetables, fruits, and all sorts of

edibles were dear in the same proportion. No wonder the poorer classes were industrious, with such a mart for their produce, turning every available foot of soil into a garden; but whether this state of affairs will continue under the new regime, is a question that has still to be solved: will the same industry exist among the peasantry when the hope of their gains is gone? or will idleness and poverty, with their inseparable companion, vice, stalk in and change the face of the picture, turning the garden into a wilderness, and the inhabitants, now orderly, into thieves and robbers? the transmogrification would not be difficult; the materials are there in abundance for the manufacture of those articles; let the opportunity be given, and see how soon they will appear.

The Ionian gentlemen or landholders are tolerably independent, so far as their pockets are concerned, and consequently indifferent to the causes that would produce such a change; their property is their olive gardens, and their income is measured by the number of gallons of oil that their trees produce yearly. Their market for their oil is a ready and sure one, not depending on either English merchants or English rule; their trees will flourish and their olives ripen under Greek as under British government; hence their short-sight-

ed indifference to the important question which so roused the passions of their town cousins, who, having nothing to lose, hoped that a revolution or even a change of rulers might bring them a windfall in some shape or other.

That property has its duties as well as its rights —that the rich are bound to look after the poor— are principles which the gentry seem to have forgotten, if they ever acknowledged them in the prosperous times with which their islands have been blessed. They are glad of the assistance of the peasantry in the harvest time, to save their crop; but for the rest of the year the peasantry must support themselves; and to their little gardens they turn for that. Hitherto they have lived in affluence. I do not think I ever saw a country so thickly populated, with such a general appearance not only of comfort but of comparative wealth among the lower classes.

Whether this will continue when the great demand and good prices for all their produce cease, time alone can tell: I cannot lift the veil of futurity to show them whether their present acts will bring upon them ruin or the reverse, but I could have warned them against any act which might bring the clamour of a starving peasantry about their doors. On the other hand, viewing the matter

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OLD VENETIAN HARBOUR.

as respects ourselves, without presuming to question the wisdom of the decision which our government have come to, in ceding these islands. I must still say that it seems a pity to give them over now to rack and ruin, after so much had been done to improve them.

Consider the sums of money that have been spent upon the fortifications of both Corfu and Vido, which are now, as I write, in course of being blown up and destroyed! Such a wanton waste of thousands upon thousands of pounds seems to me very sinful. Look at the town of Corfu—its gardens, esplanade, barracks, houses—all built with British money. Look at the island with its miles of well-engineered and admirably constructed roads.

Allow the argument adduced in Parliament in favour of the cession;—that it is a great expense keeping up four regiments to garrison the islands, besides other contingencies estimated at half a million annually, and let us ask in reply, Will our army be reduced by four regiments when the islands are given up? or rather, to put the question in a short, straight-forward form: Will the nation save half a million annually by their cession?

In case of a general European war, would it make no difference whether Corfu was held by friends or foes? Is it no advantage as a sanitary

change for our troops in the Mediterranean from Malta and Gibraltar? Is it no advantage to our fleet as a safe, good, roadstead; safe, yet open enough for the heaviest gun practice from their moorings? I saw them once, bye the bye, put two shots neatly into the hull of a Greek steamer. Jack is a mischievous lad by nature, and was it not just "nuts and apples" to him to see the unfortunate Greek come round the point in range, when he was showing how fast he could fire?

But I have spun a long enough yarn about Greek politics; the lads ashore have got quite wind enough in their bodies to settle and discuss the matter without my help, and so I will leave it to them.

Well, I was in the middle of Christmas day, and may all my friends have many happy returns of the merry season. All the vessels were dressed out in fitting attire, wreathes of flowers on their figure heads, sprigs of orange trees on their masts, festoons and garlands hanging from and interwoven through every possible part of their rigging; and Corfu roads looked gayer I fear than they will ever look again. Julio brought us off two dogs for inspection; one large and very handsome half setter half foxhound, surnamed Spot; the other a sort of spaniel: we were to have a week's trial of them.

Christmas day very nearly ended in a sad tragedy. Long Neddy, our cook, got an invitation to spend the evening on the C——, where the festivities were of the gayest; it is hard at this distance of time to determine whether it was the goodness of the refreshments, or the giddy whirl of the waltz and polka, in which it was insisted that all hands should join; but certain it is, from some cause or other Neddy's legs did get too long for him; for when the dancè was ended, and he was descending into our dingy, he fell overboard. There was only a young chap in the boat, who rather lost his head and caught him by the heels as he was disappearing under water: not strong enough to pull him in, he determined, come what would to hold what he had got, and as Neddy was not gifted with the power of breathing through his heels, he was very nearly lost. Fortunately, timely assistance arriving, his head was at length dragged to the surface, and he was saved; and after changing his clothes, and being, I regret to add, very sick, he was reported, "Come aboard sober, sir."

CHAPTER VII.

Trescogli Bay—The Shooting Ground at Butrinto—Butrinto Lake—Sport at Butrinto—Our first pig for the season—Return to Gomenitza Bay—Bathing on Board—A Curious Cave—Return to Corfu Roads—Trescogli Shooting Ground—Thunder Storm at Trescogli—Our Monkey dies—Corfu to Petala—Petala Shooting Ground—Stevanitza and Dragomestra—Mutiny on Board—Poor Carlo lost—The Hotel at Zante—Tactics of Greek Pirates—Rifle Practice—Port Bathi—A Marriage at Bathi—The Island of Ithaca—Scarlatina at Corfu—The Passport Nuisance at Corfu—Avalona Oaks—Avalona Pig Coverts—Reminiscence of Persia—A Narrow Escape—The Town of Avalona—Small-pox at Avalona—Fettilia Harbour—Shot a Fox—A Chase after five Swans—Corfu Beef—Sold again.

THE morning of Friday 26th turned all hands out before day-light, a proceeding which Christmas cheer did not facilitate. Our coxswain who, bye the bye, at Naples wanted to fight the whole of Victor Emanuel's army with a broom-stick, and from whom I fear, in the present instance, the fumes of the previous night's merry-making had hardly evaporated, took to emptying buckets of water down the forecastle hatch by way of expediting the movements below, which were, I must admit, rather tardy, thereby however wetting all our warps, and riling the tidy skipper not a little. I am afraid from these remarks I may lead my

readers to suppose that the said coxswain was given to intemperance, which would be creating a very wrong impression, and doing a most deserving man a very great injustice ; I cannot therefore too speedily endeavour to disabuse their minds of such an idea. One swallow does not make a summer any more than a merry-making on a Christmas night makes a sober, decent fellow deserving of such a slur.

The light air at daylight only served to bring us clear of the island of Vido, and it was not till 4 P. M. that evening that we anchored in our destined harbour, Trescogli, pronounced *Trescoli ;* it is a small bay, about eighteen miles from Corfu, N. N. E. by compass. The anchorage is not the best, the bottom being full of inequalities, and the shelter from the N. W. wind, which often blows hard, being only the three islands, as the name denotes. The best anchorage is within a cable's length of the island, nearest the shore, on to which you can make a warp fast to steady your vessel.

The bay lays about half-a-mile on the Corfu side of the Tignoso rock, upon which the lighthouse commonly known as the " North Passage Light," is built. In coming up from Corfu to Trescogli, keep nearer the Albanian than the Corfu coast, to avoid the Serpa rock or shoal, which is a dangerous one, peculiarly at night, as it only washes,

and being steep the lead is no use to you. It lays just off the N.E. point of the island of Corfu, and is nearly opposite to the bay of the "Three Islands." I would not, however, advise any one unacquainted with the place, to poke a vessel in there at night, for it is a blind place enough. In the event of your being overtaken in the night, when bound there from Corfu, there is a fine safe anchorage in Butrinto Bay, where you can get any depth you like, with good shelter and stiff holding ground; but as it shoals a long way off the shore, it is wise to try your lead as you go in. Butrinto Point, which forms this bay, and shelters it from the N.E. winds, lays about ten miles from Corfu, N.E. by N. by compass. The bearings I give are only from memory, but will afford a guide to look for the places on the chart.

Well, by four, p.m. we were in our old anchorage, and I sent Julio ashore to hunt up the shepherds.

The shooting country here is a sort of peninsular, bounded on east side by the lake of Butrinto, a considerable expanse of slightly brackish water, and the river which runs out of it into the bay of the same name; on the S. and W. sides by the sea; and the N. end forms its connection with the main land. The only inhabitants are the shepherds, with their families, who are employed by the

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ALBANIAN GROUP.

monks of the Santa Quoranta monasteries to tend their flocks of sheep and goats during the winter season. In the summer, after the snow has melted on the mountains, when these nomade shepherds, with their charges, migrate to the higher pastures to seek a cooler temperature, this district is left in undisturbed possession of the snakes and jackals. Those who know the country, say that the summer heat and the quantities of noxious reptiles make the place untenable for either pigs or deer, who therefore follow the flocks to the higher and cooler regions; the wolves go also because the sheep go, prompted no doubt by the hope of catching the dogs asleep some night, and having a fine feed. What the snakes and jackalls find to live on is best known to themselves.

I remember once coming back to these coverts in May, supposing we should find our old staff of beaters, but there was not a living soul to be found, and Julio (he was with me that year also) informed me that even if they had been there, not one would have ventured into the jungle, so great was their dread of the snakes. On this occasion I directed Julio to look out for our old friend, Marco, who was well known to Corfu sportsmen for the goodness of both his men and dogs; however, this time he was not to be found, or Julio did not choose to find him, which came to the same thing in the end

(probably the last time Julio employed him, he did not approve of the amount of percentage awarded to him on the job), so he engaged a man called Apostoli, with his gang.

The "P——" left Corfu a few hours after us, and went on up to Santa Quoranta, a small town about twelve or fifteen miles further to the north. The harbour there is so small, that even a schooner-yacht can hardly get shelter in it. But it is a first-rate station for all sorts of shooting. About three hours march inland there are chamois; on the plain at the end of Butrinto lake, wood-cock, snipe, bustard, and all kinds of wild fowl; and on the hills dividing the plain from the sea, pigs and deer.

I hear that the chamois ground is charming, beautiful pine forests, grand as any Alpine scenery.

By 9 A.M. on Saturday 27th, we were all landed and loaded. A fine bright morning, but very cold. The ground covered with white frost, and the puddles with thin ice.

The coverts here differ from those in Pagagna, being large and straggling, almost unmanageable for a small party, so we armed and turned out all hands that could be spared from the vessel. Apostoli brought some wild-looking fellows to beat, with as many wilder-looking dogs: we had Julio, a host in

himself, Spot and another dog upon trial, besides our old lot, Trap, Carlo, and Robert.

Our first beat was something over a mile in length, a very nice covert on the side of the hill overhanging Butrinto lake; the sea-side of this hill was bare, and on it at regular intervals the guns were posted. I was posted under a fine old ilex tree, and guarded the end of the beat, which was a narrow ravine running at right angles to the hill into the lake below, and as beautiful a spot as one could have chosen. A small sedgy bay lay just below me full of wild fowl, and outside upon the Lake's glassy bosom, my heart rejoiced at the sight of a large company of Brent geese, having a quiet sleep, secure from all marauders.

Oh! I thought if I only had the punt and old Brown Bess, may be I would not awake them to some purpose. Whew, whew, wherr, (those who have ever heard the peculiar sound, that rushing sort of whistle of wild fowl's wings passing through the air, will easily recall what I want to describe) close over my head, roused me from the land of dreams, followed by plosh, plosh, covering the hitherto peaceful little bay, with a circling series of tiny waves, as some cur-widgeon, and a couple of sea-pheasants, lit on its bosom: and then such a quacking ensued from the former occupants of the sunny

little retreat, as if questioning the intruders' right thus to disturb them in their quiet bask.

The genial warmth of the mid-day sun misled one fine old mallard into the idea that spring was coming on, and that it was high time for him to choose his summer's mate. Forthwith he commenced paying his addresses to a fat comfortable looking duck, who true to the manoeuvres of her sex, received his polite and winning advances with the most supreme indifference. "A faint heart," quoth he, "never won a fair lady," and round her again he swam, quacked and bowed in the most approved style of duck-courtship, while her ladyship with her head resting lazily on her back, would not even condescend to acknowledge his presence, though not the less glorying in her inmost soul, at the handsome conquest she had made.

There are few things that I enjoy more, than unseen, to watch the movements and habits of wild animals—to see them as they are among themselves, pursuing their various devices, in unconscious security. I have often lost a shot, by thus indulging my fancy, and in no single instance did I ever regret it. From hardly any sort of sporting have I derived greater pleasure, than during the hot season in India, waiting through a night at a "do" or pool of water, the only one perhaps within miles. The

variety of game that one sees, each coming in his own peculiar fashion. The timid deer listening for every sound, trying each breath of air for the taint of an adversary, the sneaking hyena, the wolf and jackall, with their slouching gait, on the *qui vive* alike for prey as for danger. The pig—first perhaps an old patriarch boar, with his gleaming tusks and bristly back, comes down to have a root and a wallow in the mud, or perhaps a whole sounder, and the long lanky sows with their half-grown young ones, bent upon the same errand come next. Mayhap your chance might lie in the antelope-tribe, a herd of "neelghei," or of "black-buck," a couple of "chekara" or the timid little jungle sheep, all alike unconscious that a blood-thirsty enemy lies concealed within easy shot, till two flashes, and the quick reports of a double-barrelled gun, too late we hope, revealed the danger, leaving them perchance minus two of their number.

But I find I have wandered a long way from my post over Butrinto lake. I had been posted for about two hours, when I heard the beaters coming up, and from the row the dogs and all were making I knew there was game of some sort on foot, and soon I saw an old boar sloping over the brow of the hill coming in a straight line for where I was: I thought I was in for luck. He came on to within two hun-

dred yards of me, when he pulled up behind a large stone—provoking brute — there he remained for more than five minutes, but I could only see his back bristles over the stone; he was either suspecting something was wrong, or considering how he could be most contrary, for after the five minutes deliberation, he turned about and went straight back the way he came; this was more than I could stand, and although I could only get a glimpse of him now and again, as he passed through the rocks and brushwood, I fired at him which he only acknowledged by a "woof! woof!" and disappeared over the top of the hill. The guns and beaters came up shortly afterwards without a kill: we then beat a small covert adjoining—blank—and adjourned to tiffin, after which the usual council of war was held as to our next proceedings. Julio was for beating the first covert over again, as he said there were five pigs and some deer in it, all of which had broken back, and as there was nothing but the sea and the lake for miles to the back of it, the chances were in favour of our finding them still in it.

Accordingly, after due discussion, it was so decided, and we each resumed our morning's post. After two hours more patience, I heard the sounds of war again; dogs and beaters in full pursuit, the row increasing as it approached; anon the nearing

hurried footsteps of some animal, with the barking of a dog, and over the top of a hill came a roe deer, with Spot in full chase; he came like greased lightning, bounding over the rocks and through the brushwood, and on towards me. I waited, if I can call it waiting, till he came within fifty yards, when I gave him my first barrel, breaking his lower jaw and scoring his neck open. Poor beast, he came on his head into the bottom of the ravine, but was up again as quick as thought, and as he passed me I had only the satisfaction of a snap shot at his retreating form through the shrub, as he ran up the hill above me. I was hardly loaded before a pig made his appearance on the top of the hill, bearing a strong resemblance to my friend of the morning: on he came quietly, and I dared again to hope, but only to be disappointed; a couple of shots from where R. was posted, and the cheering of the men, which told of a death, made my hoped-for prey think a retreat was safer than an advance, and I had only the tale of the morning to repeat, that I missed him as he went back into the covert. This ended our day, and we brought our first pig for the season on board.

Sunday, 23rd,

Came in well to rest the dogs. After service ladies, dogs, monkey, and all landed on one of the islands.

Monday, 29*th*,

We were at it again by 9 A. M. beating the middle coverts, straggling, large, unmanageable places, in which the posting of the guns is more guesswork than anything else, and consequently the chances of getting a shot very poor. We found nine pigs and some deer during the day, but they mostly got away without being fired at, and all without being hurt. One was reported hit; but reports go for nothing; Carlo followed him, and we nearly lost him. I broke the trigger of my rifle, an untoward event in an out-of-the-way place.

Tuesday, 30*th*,

Beat a very fine covert near Santa Quoranta, and killed one pig. The evening came on wet, and as the dogs seemed thoroughly done up, we decided on returning to Corfu, getting our letters and giving them a few days to recruit, by opening the war again on the wild fowl at Livitazza.

Wednesday, 31*st*.

Anchored in Corfu roads by 11 A. M., purchased "Spot" for £6, and returned the other dog. The P—— came in shortly after us; they had killed in Santa Quoranta one wolf and fifteen brace of woodcock. At half past 3 P. M. we were again under weigh, and anchored in Livitazza by 7 P. M.; went a good bit further up the bay than the last

time, as the night looked very dirty ; and so ended the year of 1862.

Thursday, 1*st January*, 1863.

Wild, cold, and showery morning. I was off in the punt shortly after 9 A. M. and went up into Gomenitza bay, but the weather was so bad that I could not get a shot with the big gun at all ; the birds were all scattered in twos and threes and not worth wasting a charge upon, being too restless to let one within range of the shoulder guns.

In wild fowl shooting about these parts, it is an undeniable fact, that although there may be many more birds than there are at home, and you may get during a day many more shots, yet you never stand a chance of bagging the same quantity with one shot that you do in a northern climate, where the frost and cold make the birds pack together for warmth. Twelve brace is the largest bag I ever made off the coast of Albania with one shot, and that was teal on the wing ; whereas, on the mud flats about Lymington, I have heard of forty brace of widgeon being bagged by a single shot, and I daresay this has often been surpassed. However, I could do no good, and R. found the woodcock quite as unsatisfactory ; so, after dinner we had to devise some other plan of filling our bag, and determined to see what

could be done in the way of flight shooting. No sooner named than decided on. We started in the punt, leaving the big gun behind, and posted ourselves in the little passage between the two bays; but during the whole night we did not get a single shot at wild fowl. I got a shot at an otter as he fished up the channel, but did not get him. After the place had got quiet, we heard sundry splashings, as of animals walking in the water; the moon, which was not full, had by this time gone down behind the hill on the island, so that we could not make out anything; yet still the sounds continued, as of beasts passing to and from the mainland. Once I thought I saw a dark sort of form crossing over to the island, that might have been either a pig or a wolf, but too far off for a shot gun, and I had not my rifle with me; so there was nothing for it but to wait till day-light, and then try and find out what the animals were by examining the tracks on the mud. Accordingly, as soon as we could see well, we launched the punt out of our retreat, and shoved her along to as nearly as we could guess the place where we heard the sounds; and there along a mud dam, about three inches high and six inches wide, which ran right across the channel, and through which I had forced the punt on my first trip. (I

had now forgotten its existence) we found the fresh track of pigs, wolves, and jackalls, as they had crossed and re-crossed from the island to the main shore. Had we but drawn the punt in a hundred yards higher up, near this little mud causeway, we might have made a fine bag of big game; however there was no help for spilt milk, and there remained but to remember the fact in case of a future chance. We determined, however, upon beating the island in the hope of some of the midnight wanderers that had crossed over having remained there, and then having pushed out of the mud, we manned our oars, and pulled on board, still in time to have our *tubs* before the ladies showed their noses up the companion; the operation was wrongly called "*tubs*," as it consisted in sitting down in a square canvass bath—of course, not with our clothes on—and being sluiced by one of the hands with buckets of water; it may not sound comfortable, but when you get used to it, it is one of the most refreshing and invigorating baths you can take, especially with a cutting east wind off a snowy mountain to dry you; then go below to dress, and you come to breakfast as hungry as a hawk.

The "P——" came in just as we were starting, and her owner joined us in our beat, we were however, quite unsuccessful, as we found nothing.

One of the "P——'s" party went to the snipe ground, and killed twenty-five brace of snipe and a brace of duck. In the afternoon I went to look for wild fowl, but it came on to blow so hard, that I was glad to get on board without being swamped; a punt, let her be ever so good, is not a craft to stand much sea.

Saturday 3rd.

As the weather was still wild and dirty, I pulled up the river Kalamo to look for a lake or marsh, through which I had heard the river ran, and which report also said was full of geese. However, finding nothing at the end of nine miles, we turned about and came back: the river, a strong turgid stream, is from twenty to thirty yards wide, and is most tantalizing, being a regular alphabet of Z's, twisting and turning, so that in each reach we could not see more than twenty yards a-head; there was no landing to take an observation, as the banks were of deep mud, lined on the top with a thick screen of aspen, plane, and black sally trees. We reached the vessel in time for dinner, only bringing on board with us one teal and a few brace of pigeons.

"R." had gone to the snipe ground, and killed ten brace, which, considering that the ground had been shot over the day before, was not bad work. Thirty-five brace of snipe in two days, off the same piece

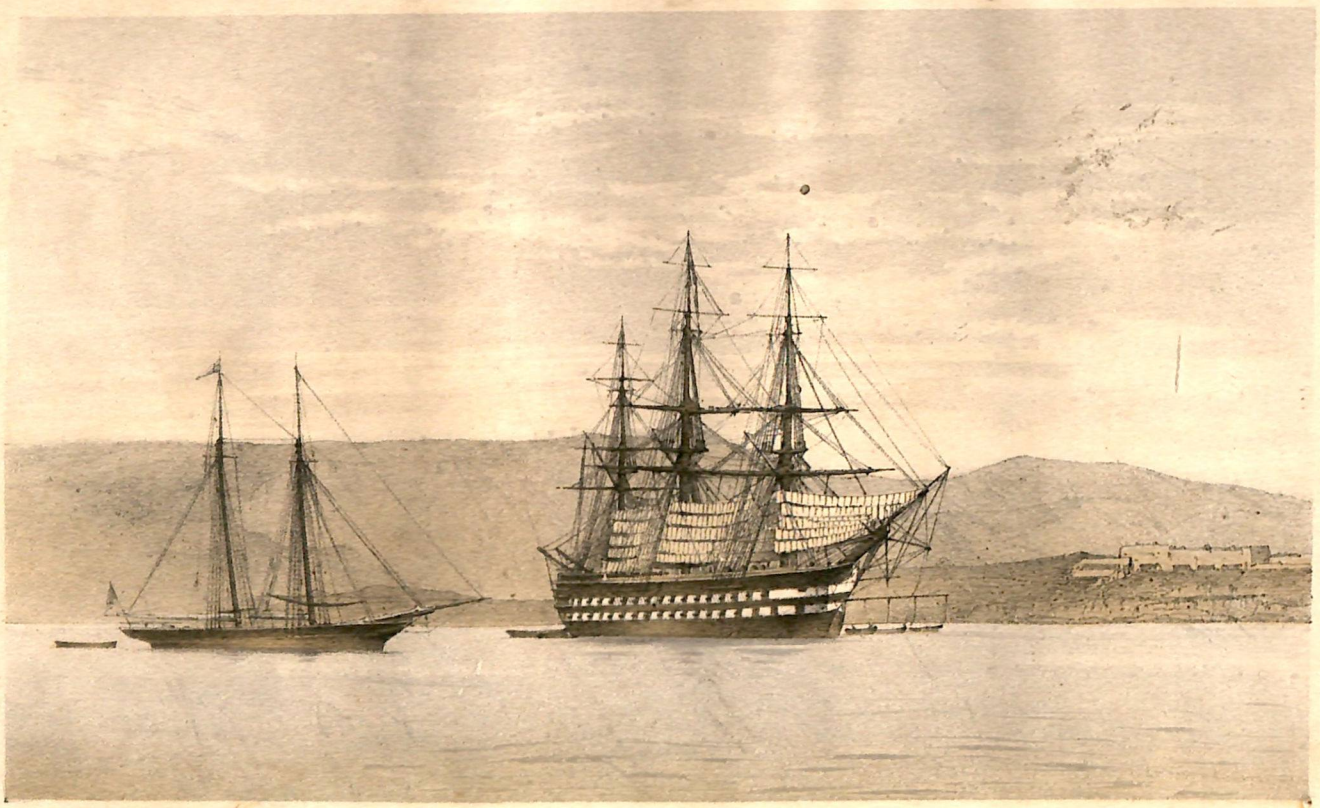
of ground, with only one gun each day, will speak for itself as to the sort of snipe shooting to be had.

Sunday 4th.

Prayers and tiffin over, we took the ladies out for a pull in the gig round the island, the south-west or sea-side of which is steep and rocky; in it we discovered a curious cave, the mouth of which was only wide enough to admit the boat, and inside was a small bay, with a sandy or gravelly beach at the end, the roof was high and arched, a regular dome shape, and, as might be expected, full of blue pigeons. We considered that after the Corfu meat, and wild fowl continually, cooked though they had been in every conceivable shape, that a pigeon pie would not make a bad variety: so we determined as soon as the "corn creak" (this was an ill-natured nickname fastened on the clock in the main companion, whose ticking disturbed a certain party's rest) should warn us that Sunday was passed, we would proceed in the small hours of the morning, to attack the slumbering, unsuspecting pigeons.

Accordingly, so soon as the same old clock announced the fact that Monday, 5th, was born, the guns were loaded, the boats lowered, the oars muffled, and we proceeded in strong force, ladies and all, to attack the cave. We found it with little trouble. But the pigeons had in their strong-

hold a defence we little dreamed of. When we got in, the cave was black as ink. The birds, disturbed by such an unusual intrusion, commenced fluttering about in the bell-shaped roof. Bang! bang! went a couple of the men's muskets at the sound of their wings, for no eyes could discern any thing; a shower of big stones followed from the roof, brought down either by the vibration or the shot. Halloa! thought I, to get our skulls cracked in the dark, and our boats stove out, is no such fun, even with the prospect of pigeon pie in the scale. So I sung out "Stop firing!" we then lit a blue light, and by its help, succeeded in securing about eight brace of the ill-fated pigeons, with which spoil we reached the schooner by half-past 4, A.M., and by 3, P.M. the same day, we were again in our berth in Corfu roads. All our companion yachts were still in the roads, except the "P——," which we learned had sailed for Zante, *en route* for the Gulf of Salonica. As the same place was my intended destination, I was sorry we had missed her company, but as I was daily expecting a friend to join me from England, my going at that time was out of the question. The "L——" had got her new mast in, and her party joined us in the evening, when over sundry cigars, we discussed our future plans. They were about starting for the Gulf of



Hodges, Smith & Co. Dublin. Forster & Co. Lith.

H.M.S. EDGAR. (*Flag Ship Rear Admiral Dacres. C.B.*) R.Y.S. EVA.

Arta ; an expedition I was much inclined to join in, as it is a splendid place for wild fowl, and famous for by far the best wood-cock coverts in Albania ; but against this, I was also obliged to decide, as at the entrance of the gulf, there is a bar over which it is hardly safe to venture, if you draw much more than nine feet, and we drew eleven feet aft. There is a tortuous channel through the mud by which we might have got in with a leading wind ; but as it would have been a case of bumping in, I thought it hardly worth the risk ; to add to which, when we came to contemplate the getting out again, the difficulties were greater. An easterly wind which would be a fair one for getting out with, cuts the water sometimes two feet, so that unless we were lying at the mouth of the gulf, ready to avail ourselves of the first of the wind before the water fell, we might find ourselves in an unpleasant predicament.

There is always the alternative of trimming by the head, or if the worst comes to the worst, taking the ballast out, but it makes such a dreadful mess of a vessel, that one is always anxious to avoid it. After duly weighing and considering every scheme, I decided upon waiting another week, to see if my friend turned up, and if not, making tracks then to the southward, so in accordance with this deci-

sion, by 2 P. M. the next day we found ourselves in our old anchorage in Trescogli.

Wednesday 7th.

Found our beaters all squatted on the shore when we landed at 9 A. M. Got two wags of the tail each from the Albanian dogs, as much as to say, "Yes! I have seen you before." The ice of their disposition was beginning to thaw before the genial warmth of a shooting friendship.

We proceeded this time to the coverts along the sea-shore between our bay and Butrinto point. They are beautiful coverts, and being only a strip round the coast are, except in one or two parts, tolerably manageable. We always divided them into sections, placing the guns at the end of each section, at intervals between the sea and the top of the coverts. The top parts in these beats were very good, as by keeping along in advance of the beaters a hundred yards or so, you had the best chance of coming across any deer there might happen to be in it, as the jungle is so thick that the deer invariably made for the open ground above. The nature of the jungle is quite different from that inland, being entirely, I may say, free from that odious "wait-a-bit" thorn which tears the very clothes off your back and the very skin off your bones; besides the absence of this, the beauty of

the shrubs gives an additional charm to the place. The lovely Mediterranean heath, eight to ten feet high, covered with its snow-white bells — the rhododendron, lauristina, arbutus, vieing with each other in the richness of their foliage, and if in the spring season, in the varied beauty of their blossoms ; the judas tree with its bright scarlet twigs and leaves, the dwarf cyprus, the jessamine, in some parts all bound together and interwoven with the sarsaparilla creeper, combined to offer a secure retreat, and the finest shelter to the wild inhabitants.

Beautiful however as the covert was, both to the admirer of nature and to the botanist, its very beauty was a drawback to the sportsman.

Twice on that day it was my luck to have a post in the very middle of the covert where I could not see ten yards on any side. While on the first post three pigs were brought to bay within fifteen yards of me, and it was most tantalizing to hear the beggars charging the dogs quite close to me, and still to be unable to see them or even get the chance of a shot ; this lasted a full quarter of an hour—" woof, woof," a crash through the covert, then a dog would sing out " pen and ink," as he got either bitten by a sow, or felt the tip of a boar's tusk ; then for a minute all would be quiet, till the dogs renewed

their noisy onslaught, when "woof, woof," crash, and "pen and ink" followed in the same order, till the pigs got tired of the game and broke back. Some may say, what a fool he was not to fire when they were so near, yes! and perhaps kill a dog, certainly not a pig.

The second post I had was just as thick, and three pigs passed close to me without my being able to see one of them; in the day's beat we found ten pigs and one deer. Some of the pigs may have been put up twice, as they generally are when you follow them from one covert to another, I am however certain that there were six individual pigs found during the day at the very least. Our bag was only one sow.

Thursday 8th.

Beat the sea coverts again, finding only a jackall and a deer which we killed; after tiffin we went to the large middle covert inland and there found six pigs, I suppose some of our friends of yesterday. Some of the men got shots, but killed nothing.

Friday 9th.

Teeming rain. At half-past seven a bad thunder storm came on; one flash of lightning struck our chain plates and another struck the island to which our warp fastened. There must be something extremely attractive to the electric fluid about

Trescogli, as whenever any bad weather was going, there was sure to be a thunderstorm there; and there it would stay going round and round. On the land, and more particularly near the lake of Butrinto, you could not move a yard without discovering the traces of lightning, such as large stones split, torn from their bed, scorched and blackened; trees and shrubs with one half charred and the other flourishing—twisted, blighted, riven asunder, some totally destroyed, but in all cases bearing unmistakeable marks of the destroying power. To occupy my usual post over Butrinto lake in a thunder storm, would be, I imagine, about as great a risk as a man could run. It was there I first remarked the curious appearance of the rock; it seemed as if the whole face of it had been exposed more or less to the influence of some unaccountable fire. At first I gave the Albanians credit for it, knowing their mischievous propensities for destroying the finest trees by burning a ring round their butt; but then I thought they must have been very hard up for amusement when they took to burn and split the stones, so I summoned Apostoli into conference, and by means of signs and my few words of Albanian, cleverly brought out at the right moment, I managed to

make him understand what my doubts were about: he merely pointed to the sky as an explanation and shrugged his shoulders, intending no doubt to convey that the destruction came from above, and that he did not admire the fact a bit too well himself.

Saturday 10*th*,

Was fine, the "B——" cutter came in and disturbed all our plans; but as her party were strangers, we must in charity lay their breach of the rules which regulate the shooting parties of the district to ignorance, and not to rudeness. On arriving at our second covert we found them in possession, and therefore by forming a larger ring outside their circle we were obliged to content ourselves with their leavings, which as they posted their guns on the weather side of the covert, it is not surprising consisted of all they found, save and except a squeaker which their dogs killed.

Sunday 11*th*.

After service we had a sail in the cutter along the coast towards Santa Quoranto to see if there were any more coverts in that direction. While we were out the wind changed, and we had a smart thrash back. The monkey was taken suddenly ill. I think she had eaten the arsenic paste, off some of the grebe skins we were preserving.

Hogan Smith & Co. Dublin. Forster & Co. Lith.

H. M. S. TRAFALGAR.

Monday 12*th.*

Beat the same coverts as on Saturday; found a few deer, and only one small pig which we killed. More thunder in the evening.

Tuesday 13*th.*

Got into Corfu roads by 11 A. M.—paid a lot of visits. The staff surgeon called, and I thought it was a grand opportunity to obtain his advice upon the monkey's case, as I feared she was getting quite beyond my skill; accordingly he most kindly visited her, and prescribed a dose of castor oil, as the most suitable remedy for her complaint; this was administered by putting her body in a bag, leaving her head only out, but as the effect produced thereby was a series of fits, I cannot call the treatment successful.

Wednesday 14*th.*

The monkey died and was consigned to the deep with all naval honour. I was going to give her a salvo of artillery, but as the Admiral passed in his boat just at the critical moment when the monkey's corpse was sinking to its long home, I was afraid he might consider our broadside as "de luxe." When he came on board I told him of the solemn ceremony he had interrupted, and he was of course much affected. As there was no sign of my friend from England turning up, I determined upon pro-

ceeding to Petala for a fortnight's wild-fowl shooting, the Admiral most kindly undertaking to look after and entertain my friend, should he arrive before I returned—indeed, this was only one of very many acts of kindness and civility that I received, at his hands, during the two seasons I spent at his station.

The ladies came off about tiffin with a host of friends, the sad adieus in parting from whom, occupied until 5 P. M., when we got our anchor to the bows, and with a light westerly wind drew slowly past the citadel with its camel's hump.

Next morning by 4 A. M. we were down off the gulf of Arta, out of which we were favoured with a nice easterly breeze, which shoved us down to Cape Dukato, the southern part of the island of Santa Maura, and deserting us there we had a couple of hours tumble in the swell, to remind us of past pleasures. Then a S. E. breeze came up, and by 2 P. M. we thrashed down to the island of Arkudi. The passage down among these islands of a fine day, is really very pretty, although the islands themselves are too bare and stony to have any individual claim to the picturesque—for notwithstanding their craggy, rocky appearance, they are not high enough to be called grand, and their arid burnt-colour is against them, yet still, with the main-

land on one side, Ithaca and Cephalonia on the other, the *tout ensemble* is far from unpleasing. Cephalonia, the outside one of the two islands, is the largest of the Ionian group, and can boast of the highest mountain, as well as the largest harbour in the seven islands—it was in this harbour of Argostoli, either before or after the battle of Navarino, I forget which, that the French fleet hid from the English, which sailed into the harbour and out again without discovering their retreat, so well concealed were they in a small bay in the upper end of the harbour, their very "trucks" being hid by the high and rugged rock, to whose sheltering presence they owed their safety, for had they been caught there, not one would have escaped.

By 1 A. M. the next morning, we were down to Petala, but as I was not quite clear of its whereabouts, and all the islets round were so much alike, I thought it would be a foolish risk to poke in at night, and I therefore hove her to till morning. I don't know when I passed so cold a watch, a cutting N. E. wind off the mountains piercing through and through me. Those who think that in the Mediterranean they will meet nothing but warm weather, will most assuredly find they are mistaken, and that warm clothes are very nearly as requisite as in England. The great

charm of the climate consists in the clear air, and the absence of damp.

By 7 A. M. we had light to go in, and by half past we were anchored. The anchorage is in a circular basin nearly landlocked, quite so if you can go in far enough; but as it shoals a long way out, none but the smallest craft can lay in the best shelter. It is protected on the N. and N. W. sides by the island of Petala; on the others by the Grecian shore, save on the S. W., where it is open, unless as I said before, you can lay in less than two fathoms of water. On both north and south sides there are immense marshes, perfectly alive with all kinds of wild fowl, and without exception the best places for that kind of shooting I have ever been at. On the Grecian shore, the east side of the bay, there is a rocky abrupt line of hills, crossing over which you get into a large plain, and in this the woodcock covert lies. Here are some curious and interesting ruins to occupy those of graver tastes. I believe they are of Roman origin, but of this I can say little, the subject is not at all in my line, more shame for me, as I believe I have visited all the most ancient ruins on this side of the world. Whether the dates of the remains in Mexico and the western continent are, as some assert, anterior to the pyramids, Petra, Nineveh,

the tower of Babel, Palmyra, and Balbeck, I do not know; but as we have been reared in the belief that Adam was the first man, and that the Old Testament is a reliable historical authority, I am inclined to believe that some at least of those remains I have mentioned have the advantage in age over their western brethren. Whether they have or not has not much to do with shooting. Ducks and woodcocks do not live to such an immense age as to render the discussion ("ventilation" prigs would call it) of such a subject at all necessary. Well, on the east side of the plain the best woodcock covert lies, as well as these said ruins; and on the south side, along the banks of the river, (the Aspro Potamo), which runs into the sea between the islands of Petala and Oxia, there is also very good covert, but difficult to beat, on account of the quantity of our old friend, the "wait-a-bit" thorn, which flourishes there in even more than usual vigour. In the marshes on the north bank of the river wild geese literally swarm. About pig, in this district we never could learn much: I do not believe they exist, at least in any numbers, although why they should not I cannot account for. The country would appear most favourable for them—swamps and thick covert, with lots of corn fields on the plain—affording a diet to which a pig never

objects. Perhaps the natives have been successful in resenting their inroads on their crops, and banished them, or have amalgamated them with their own half-tamed herds of swine with which the plain abounds, and between which it requires a practised eye to tell the difference. To the north of Petala, in the hill country about Dragomestra, Stevenitza and Port Platea red, fallow, and roe deer are to be found, though not in any great numbers; also an odd wolf, and of course jackalls; but I warn the young sportsman against buoying himself up with the hopes of any great bag. I have been out over the Stevenitza country for three consecutive days without as much as pulling a trigger, and worse, without seeing anything worth pulling it at. However, if your soul is not wholly bent on slaughter, the magnificent view from the top of those hills will amply repay you for the trouble of getting there. I have seen from one of my posts in that district, stretched out in a lovely and exquisitely tinted panorama below me, Santa Maura, Ithaca, and Cephalonia, with their intervening channels and dotted islands; Zante in the azure distance; the peaky rugged islands of Oxia and Makri in sharper and clearer detail; the low flat plains and marshes of Mesolonghi, backed by the barely perceptible chain of the Pindus mountains; and seawards, the blue

calm surface of the ocean, till the eye was at a loss to tell where the sea and sky joined. A view like this would repay a climb, even over a barren and uninteresting district; but you are not asked to submit to this. The country's own claims to beauty are not at all to be despised: the hills are quite different from Albania, stony no doubt though not barren, but generally covered with a tall coarse description of grass; in some parts the trees are thick like a regular forest, in others, a magnificent oak dotted here and there over the undulating sward, reminds you of an English park. Many of the trees are really splendid specimens, as fine as you would see in England of the Turkey kind, and from the cups of their acorns a sort of dye is extracted called valonee, of which a large supply is annually obtained. The last time I was in Stevanitza harbour there were three vessels lading with this stuff.

About Dragomestra the trees and vegetation disappear, stony hills take the place of the woodlands, and there the few red deer that are in the country make their abode, there are just enough of them to leave no doubt of their existence; and I am sorry I cannot describe the fallow deer, as being much more plenty. The harbours of Port Platea and Stevanitza, in either of which you

can lay while shooting that district, are charming little places completely landlocked, and are situated to the north of Petala, between it and Dragomestra bay.

I do not intend to drag my weary monotonous way day by day through our shooting at Petala; I feel that I have already trespassed too much upon the reader's patience, and that if I continue to stick to the truth, and not draw upon my imagination for thrilling adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, I had better substitute a summary of events for a detailed account.

Well, we remained at Petala from the 16th to the 24th—eight shooting days, and killed between us sixty-seven and a-half brace of woodcock, twenty-seven brace of teal, thirty-three brace of widgeon, fifteen brace of ducks, seven and a-half brace of geese, two brace of sea-pheasants, one and a-half brace of barganders and one hare; so far as we were concerned, (that is, my friend and I) we would have been well satisfied to remain for another eight days; but below stairs the rumblings of a coming storm, the premonitory symptoms of a mutiny, at length made themselves so distinct, that it was absurd to attempt to feign ignorance any longer: there was nothing for it but to nerve ourselves like brave men for the coming struggle.

Well, it came, and burst upon our devoted heads in the shape of a torrent of abuse against our much loved Petala; such a string of epithets no one unfortunate place ever had attached to it before. Stupid, abominable, etc.; in fact the ladies' cup of boredom was full to overflowing and they could stand it no longer. I, of course, did not let this fact out at the time, but I really did wonder how they stood it so long. "If there was only a place to land and walk about" quoth they "we would not mind it so much; there is that sandy beach, but none of the boats can get near it, the water is so shallow, and we do not like being carried out upon the men's shoulders; and from trying to walk upon that horrid rocky island our boots and feet are all cut to pieces (I thought they had looked rather gouty the last day or so), and that little sandy bay in the island which we call the jackalls' parlour is so full of bones, and smells so badly that we cannot bear it." By this time, had they only known it, I was conquered, quite ready to capitulate on any terms, I had not a word to say, but as the philosopher remarked, "after thunder cometh rain." I saw impending signs of a heavy shower, and stowing my tail between my legs sneaked on deck to give it time to pass over, determined when it had cleared to go to Paris and buy them all new

bonnets if they wished; however our victors were not ungenerous in the hour of victory, but followed us on deck, saying that we might have this day's shooting if we would go away afterwards; so I gave the order to have the coats off the sails and the anchor hove short when we came on board in the evening, and off we went for our day's shooting.

The question that disturbed me all day was, where to go, and at last a bright idea dawned upon me. I would propose to them as a recompence for all they had gone through that we should land them at Zante for three or four days while R. and I should go either to Navarino or return to Petala for more shooting. This plan was approved of even more highly than my most sanguine hopes anticipated, and accordingly, by half-past ten on Sunday morning the 25th, we were anchored in Zante harbour—the hotel was visited and declared all that could be desired; clothes were packed and sent ashore, and by dusk the fair mutineers had landed. We discovered here an old friend who had been shooting with us two years before, and persuaded him to join us; but as he could only get three days leave we decided upon returning to Petala instead of breaking new ground at Navarino, as in the former place we were sure of sport, whereas we only knew the latter by report; so

after dinner we were under weigh again, and by 9 A. M. on Monday we were anchored in Petala; there we remained till 7 P. M. of the 28th: killing twenty-eight brace of woodcock, sixteen brace of teal, seventeen and a-half brace of widgeon, five and a-half brace of duck and one sea-pheasant: and true to our appointment, when the ladies rubbed the sleep out of their eyes and looked out of the hotel window on the morning of the 29th, we were lying at our anchor in Zante harbour.

It was only then I discovered that we were minus one of our number, for upon mustering the dogs to send them ashore for their morning walk, Carlo was nowhere to be found; investigation and inquiry followed as to where he had been last seen, and from the facts elicited it was pretty evident that he had been left at Petala, and that they must have come on board without him last night. He had gone in his turn yesterday with the wood-cock party, and I could not help complimenting them on being unable to take care of three dogs, and wondering in my own mind if it should so happen that a pack of hounds were entrusted to their tender mercies, how many couple of them would be missing by the end of the season. One thing was plain, back to Petala we must go to look for

poor Carlo, although the chance of ever finding him was slight; for unless some of the shepherds who had seen him with us had picked him up, he would be either starved, or devoured by the jackalls; yet, still, it would never have done to desert the poor beast without some attempt to save him.

We found the "P——" lying in the harbour. She had been to Dragomestra, after red deer, and had bagged one very fine stag, but had been driven away by the brigands; in fact the accounts of both brigands and pirates from every place in the neighbourhood were very bad and were daily getting worse. While we were at our breakfast an English schooner came in with more haste than usual, and with an unmistakable appearance of something being wrong on board. From her we learned that she had been loading valonee in Stevanitza, but had been obliged to slip her cable, and make a bolt of it, to save herself from an attack made by the natives, as the skipper supposed; but the fact was, the whole of king Otho's army had bolted with their arms, and organized regular bands all through the country, (natural instinct no doubt pointing out to them their proper profession), and every day reports poured in of fresh outrages committed by land and sea. One report was, that the R. Y. S. schooner "F——"

had fallen in with pirates down to the southward. It was a certain fact that up to the date I write of, fifteen tribacalos (native boats) had been captured by them about Zante; and so, putting one thing and another together, it seemed just possible that we might come in for a brush with them.

The ladies came on board at half past 10 A. M. declaring themselves enchanted with the place; they had perpetrated a drive, and been very nearly shaken to death: the hotel was, oh! so charming; but they did not like olives, and they could not get much else to eat; there was a scarcity of clean towels; and pie dishes, I learned by accident, were substituted for basins: "tubs" there were none. There was a nasty party of rude men in the hotel, who had sat up in a room either over or under them the whole of one night, talking, drinking, smoking, and making such a row that they could not sleep; and the other nights, oh! those horrid fleas had led them such a life—to the truth of which statements their faces, necks, and hands bore ample testimony. The thought occurred to me, of course I never mentioned it, that perhaps the rocks, the sandbanks and jackalls' parlours of Petala might form no unpleasing variety to the olives, pie dishes, and fleas of Zante.

The Governor was absent from the island at the

time, but his lady had been most kind to them; and I think she must have contributed the charms that they discovered in the place.

As the day got on the wind increased to nearly a gale right in the teeth of our course to Petala; so, instead of making a start, we let go a second anchor.

The next morning, Friday 30th, with the wind the same way, about E.N.E. but more moderate, we made a start, and stood right across to the coast of the Morea, along which we worked in short tacks. When we got clear of the island, we beat to quarters, and had about three hours' practice with the carronades with round shot, grape, and canister. Nothing like practice, not only for keeping your hands in, but also in case of a surprise; if you do not practise you are sure to find that every thing you want is either lost or mislaid; a pressing occasion for something or other occurs, and difficult as it may seem to lose a thing in the small compass of a ship, no where can the article be found; perhaps your over careful mate has laid his clutches on it, and put it away so safely, that to save his life he could not find it. In a night attack of pirates, if the missing thing formed an essential part of your armoury, the result would probably be far from satisfactory.

I remember well the first occasion in this voyage that we had big gun practice. The screws that fastened the locks to the guns were nowhere to be found; trivial little things apparently, yet the want of them rendered the guns utterly useless where any aim was necessary. After a couple of hours spent in turning everything fore and aft topsy turvy, the said screws were found in the bottom of the mate's locker. The Grecian tactics of surprise would hardly have afforded this two hours' law, and the consequences might have been awkward. Their approved mode of proceeding is to watch the vessel till she is becalmed, which is not an uncommon occurrence at night, and then pull off in strong numbers, armed to the teeth. Perhaps four or five boats full will creep silently alongside a vessel, surprise the sleeping crew, and as the general run of coasting vessels there do not muster more than six hands, their victory may be termed easy. I have only heard of one or two instances in which English vessels were attacked. Upon one occasion it was a serious matter; the pirates attacked in great force, the vessel was captured, and the crew were murdered. This happened in the Gulf of Salonica, some years ago; I forget the ship's name, but I have no doubt about my information being correct.

By 4 A.M. on Saturday 31st, we were anchored

in Petala, and before I turned in, I left orders with Julio to go ashore with some of the hands, and proceeding to the place he had embarked from on Wednesday night, to go among the shepherds, and try what information he could get about Carlo, intending, if he was unsuccessful, to follow in force after breakfast.

I had not much hope of ever finding him, but still a chance existed. Imagine my delight at being routed up at six with the news that Carlo was on board. When we sailed we had left three native vessels in the harbour, waiting for a cargo of liquorice root, which grows, wild, I believe, on the plains adjacent to the Aspro Potamo, at least on those portions of the plains that are not tilled for corn. The next morning a boat from one of these vessels went ashore to collect drift wood for fuel, and going by chance to our usual place for landing, discovered Master Carlo whining on the beach. I suppose either the beauty of his long ears and silky coat, or more probably the hope of being able to turn him somehow or other into money, softened their hearts, for when he jumped into their boat, they did not turn him out, but took him on board, and kept him, I think without food, till we arrived, when recognising the schooner, their dreams of "*backsheesh*" were realised sooner than they expec-

ted. We were all delighted to get him back, and even through the ladies' skylight high notes of welcome ascended to greet his return.

By 9 A. M. we were under weigh again, and with a light easterly wind, got out of the harbour, saying farewell for good to old Petala, with its wild fowl, woodcock, marshes, shoals, rocks, and savoury bays.

We just got clear of the point when it fell nearly a dead calm. Breakfast over, we beat to quarters for practice with small arms. The Enfield rifles were handed up, and all hands mustered aft to check the advance of an imaginary approaching enemy. To provide a target was our next difficulty, for to expend ammunition by firing into empty space was a waste I never contemplated. Necessity as usual soon proved the mother of invention, and the ladies produced a bandbox which we fastened to the life-buoy we had picked off the wreck in the channel, to it we attached the end of our deep sea lead-line and hove it over board! as the vessel was just drawing through the water, it soon went astern to the length of the line, (ninety fathoms,) giving us a range of about one hundred and eighty yards; there was just swell enough not to make the matter too simple, so that all the actors were elated by their exploits. I must in fairness

say that out of eighty rounds fired by the men there was hardly a ball that would not have hit a boat. There is a difference however between practice and shots in anger, as a certain young man's friend remarked, when his companion talking of fighting a duel, was boasting of how he had cut the stem of a wine-glass without breaking the bowl; "all very fine" quoth the friend, "but the wine-glass had not a pistol in its hand," so it might have been with us if the bandbox had been returning our fire; the practice might possibly not have been so steady. We then got the two brass howitzers on the poop as stern chasers, and with their help soon reduced the bandbox to a pulp, all this brought us to 2 P. M., when a breeze sprung up from N. W. and freshened as the evening wore on; by 4 P. M. it was blowing fresh, and by 5 we had beat up to the entrance of Port Bathi in Ithaca.

As the setting sun showed every symptom of a strong hard wind which was right against us the whole way up to Corfu, I thought it only fair to give the ladies their choice (they had already retreated below, and appeared to contemplate a further speedy retreat into their berths) of continuing our trip up to Corfu, or going into Bathi, and remaining quietly there till Monday, when perchance we might have a fair wind. Notwithstanding the longed-for letters

which were supposed to be waiting for them at Corfu, their verdict was for Bathi : so in we went, and a snugger harbour nobody can desire, it is in fact almost double land-locked—the gulf of Molo, which forms an outer bay, is nearly as entirely surrounded by the land and protected from the sea, as the inner bay which is the harbour, is sheltered and very nearly divided from the outer one. You run into the outer bay with, perhaps as we did, a fresh breeze, and see no outlet, you are surrounded apparently on all sides by barren rocks, steep from the water's edge, on you go booming through the now smooth water, and for all the vision can discern a smash ashore seems inevitable, but suddenly you shoot past a projecting rocky promontory, and open on your port hand the inner bay, at the end of which lies the town. In the middle of the bay, on a small island, stands the Lazaretto, which so completely covers the rock on which it is built that it looks as if its foundations were laid in the sea ; not a breath of air here disturbs the mirror-like surface of the bay.

" Starboard hard ! ease off the main sheet" and as she rounds the point and you glide into the shelter, her sails hang idly from the spars, save when a chance cat's paw off the hills blows them out for a minute ; with the help of these and the

impetus with which you enter, you pass the Lazaretto and let go the anchor. The town, by no means a large one, lies in a semi-circle round the south margin of the bay : but small though it be, yet, its industry and the enterprising character of its inhabitants, render it the most stirring in the Ionian islands ; they build, fit out, man their own ships, and trade to all parts of the globe. It is strange how Providence divides his gifts : in Corfu and Zante abounding in valuable agricultural productions and rich in articles for foreign export, there does not exist the energy or enterprise sufficient to fit out a single ship to carry their cargoes of oil or currants to a better market. In Ithaca, one great barren ridge of lime-stone rock, rising at intervals into abrupt and lofty eminences, throughout the entire extent of which there are hardly two hundred yards of level ground, with a soil little better than chalk, affording but scanty pasture to the few goats that live on it, there lives a race of merchants whose pluck and enterprise have conquered every difficulty, and established alone and unassisted, a large and widely extended trade. What they export I cannot tell ; the few gardens one sees rising in terraced patches on the side of the hills round, and at the back of the town, would barely seem sufficient to supply the inhabitants with the commonest vege-

tables. Poor and barren although this their island be, what an example they set to their richer sisters !

Sunday, February 18th.

A chorus of cocks awoke me with the dawn, suggesting that if there were hens to match perchance eggs formed their staple commodity of export. We had hardly finished breakfast before a volley of small artillery hurried us on deck to see what was up : it was a salute from all the vessels in the harbour in honour of the marriage of one of the principal merchants. We had not long to wait before the procession appeared. First came a lot of men carrying on their heads all descriptions of furniture, &c., which they were removing from the bride's father's to her husband's house; she appeared, from the quantity of her worldly goods, to be a well-to-do lady, quite an heiress; box followed after box, and beds upon beds; I cannot imagine what the advantage could be of such a quantity, unless it is the thing in Ithaca not to sleep on the same bed oftener than once in the year. The boxes were all right, for it is the proper thing for the bride to supply all the house linen; it is her dowry which her papa is bound to give her. After her possessions followed her wedding presents, carried in grandly got up baskets, and this lot was closed by two

cradles bringing up the rear, which I should have thought rather premature; indeed I do not know that I should like to offer such a present to a young lady in this country; however, I suppose it was all right; nothing like being provided in time. I dare say the baskets contained baby-clothes. I do not know what part of the whole ceremony this procession was, whether the beginning or end; the beginning I should think, as the saluting continued all day, and each vessel displayed every inch of bunting she could muster, which gave a gay appearance to the harbour, or rather I might say to the town, for save two or three tribacalos in the end of the bay, my schooner was the only vessel afloat, all the saluting ships being laid up for the winter, and moored close alongside the quays.

The cession of the Island of Ithaca to the kingdom of Greece would appear as comparatively of little moment from whatever side we consider it. So far as England is concerned, it is but an insignificant possession, (the garrison, when I was there, consisted of only one company of infantry), conferring on the protectorate neither substantial nor political advantage; and so far as the islanders are concerned, they would appear out of the whole "Septinsular Republic," to run the least risk of any tangible loss. Little or no

public money has been expended upon improving their island; their agricultural products are not more than sufficient for their own consumption, so that their home market can hardly be injured by the absence of foreign soldiery—indeed, save and except what inconvenience their foreign traders may find when they can no longer sail under the British flag—that world-known talisman, the Union Jack—they have so far as I can see little else to fear. I may be narrow-minded and prejudiced upon this subject, but it does strike me they may yet regret the loss of that bit of bunting. Be that as it may, they deserve all credit for the position they have raised themselves to, and the best wishes of all for their future success.

Monday, 2nd.

There was a regular bazaar of sponges when I came up on deck. I should think every sponge in the island had been collected and brought alongside that the venders might reap a golden harvest from the "mi Lord Ingelesi," a title they dub every yacht-owner with, and of course try to charge accordingly. After hard bargaining I invested two pounds in them, but except the very small ones, they are not a good description, being very coarse, the sort called by saddlers "carriage sponges," and even after hard fighting, not to be bought much

cheaper than you can get them in this country, if you are not too proud to buy them at a hardware shop.

Parties visiting the Mediterranean now and who had known it ten or twelve years ago, will be surprised at the present high prices for everything compared to what they remembered. It is odd, no matter what the article, its increased value is dated from the Crimean war ; then it fetched such and such a price, and since then it has never fallen : "You might take it or leave it just as you liked," as the Killarney hotel keeper said to his customers when they grumbled at his dinner.

By the look of the sky, the wind seemed just as hard and as dead against us as on the evening we came in; however our time was up, and out we went, bidding farewell to the newly married couple and the thrifty little town. Half-past 12 saw us clear of our anchorage, and by 2 P.M. we were outside the gulf, where we found our predictions verified by a strong N.W. wind. By 4 P.M. we thrashed up to Cape Dukato, and there opened the sea and wind to the north, which speedily sent the ladies to bed, and called upon the hands to "shorten sail." The wind, however, fell with the sun, and it took us till 2 A.M. on Wednesday the 4th to reach Corfu. There we lay till the 7th : paying and receiving visits, writing and getting letters, and divers other kinds

of harbour work. I got a telegram from my friend in England to say he could not come. Even late in the season as it was, this would have decided me in starting at once for the Gulf of Salonica, had I not received letters which made me think my presence at home might soon be required, and as the trip was a long one, and the posts there very uncertain, I determined upon giving it up altogether, and sticking to the coverts in the vicinity for pig, &c.

The ladies, charmed, I suppose, with their taste of liberty in Zante, had concocted a plan for themselves, which was to let us go our next shooting trip alone, while they retreating to Mr. Carter's hotel, would try what fun Corfu afforded. With my usual disinterested goodnature, I agreed to all their schemes. The old ship was beginning to look sadly out at elbows, and it was evident that both paint and varnish would materially improve her appearance, and as gowns and crinolines were natural enemies to same, the ladies' desire for shore life seemed almost providential. One morning, however, they returned on board from their walk with their faces long and blank—"scarlatina was raging in the island; so and so, and so and so, had taken it and died, and they thought they would sooner not land just then." Luckily the paint was

not mixed, so the pots, oil cans and brushes returned to their home under the poop.

Avalona, a port about fifty miles to the north, was fixed upon as our next destination, and we had prevailed upon a friend, one of the officers of the garrison, to accompany us.

On Saturday the 7th, at 12 o'clock, we got under weigh, it having taken from early morning till that hour to satisfy the Corfu officials before they would grant a passport to a well-known field-officer of the garrison to go away on a fortnight's leave for shooting, which leave had been obtained and registered, or whatever it is called, in general orders the day before. First he had to obtain a certificate from one dignitary that he was not in debt, which had to be taken to another high in power (who having been playing cards most probably all night, was in his first sleep) to obtain his assenting signature. This having been procured, after at least two hours delay, which time it took the great man to get up and repair to his office, (as out of it he considered, without sacrificing his dignity, he could sign nothing,) it had to go to the passport office, only getting there in time to find its presiding genius at a late breakfast. Another half-hour till he has finished, when hastening to his office, his conscientious scruples invented some form still

uncomplied with, and sent the wretched applicant (who happened to be my much-enduring skipper) to some other official, who, to show his importance, said he was out, and kept him another half-hour before he chose to say he was in. At last the passport was obtained, but then it must be taken to the clearing-out office, where fortunately for us, an Englishman presided, and we got our bill of health without more ado, but after five hours' unnecessary delay. This is no exaggerated account of an Ionian official's method of doing business. They grumble that more of them are not employed: the wonder is, that they are employed at all, and great is the misfortune of those who have to transact any business with them.

They kept us, however, till a nice fair wind which had been blowing all the morning fell, and was succeeded by a dead calm; and I dare say they felt duly elated at the amount of inconvenience they had occasioned and the extent of importance they had displayed. In no other country but Russia did I ever hear of the existence of such rules. There you are obliged to advertise your departure a full fortnight before you leave, to give your creditors full time to come down upon you with their claims. In our case, I remember we advertised our departure from Moscow before

we left St. Petersburgh to go there; but surely the Russian system is no pattern for English rulers.

The whole way up we had only paltry winds, reaching cape Linguetta at 5 P.M. on Sunday 8th. It forms one portal to the Gulf of Avalona, the entrance being between it and the island of Sasseno. When you get round the cape, you open the gulf which runs right back, S.S.E. for more than ten miles. The town lies on the east bank near the entrance, but the shooting ground is at the very end of the bay, in the S. W. corner, and by going close in and mooring, so as to prevent your vessel swinging bodily ashore, you will find very fair shelter. At the end of the gulf there is a sort of marsh, inland from which runs a long gradually rising valley, bounded on each side by rugged hills, and terminated in the distance by the magnificent Chika, whose snowy head, with his necklace of pines, is a land-mark for miles. From Corfu its distance is about sixty miles, and yet the trees are distinctly visible—not quite on the summit, but their dark shapes are easily discernable against the snowy peak that rises from among them. This is the chamois ground: and I have often heard those who know it rave about its wild and extraordinary beauty. The marsh, the natives say, is full of pig,

but that neither men nor dogs can get through it; and although many were the resolutions we made on a former visit to beat it, we never could succeed. The real shooting ground lies on the isthmus formed between the gulf and the sea. The coverts are narrow strips at the bottom of ravines and corras, easily beaten. The timber all through this district is magnificent: splendid oaks here and there in solitary grandeur, appear to have endured every species of abuse that either the will of man or the power of the elements could inflict. Some torn, twisted and broken by the wind—split and burnt by lightning; in many places, their very foundations washed away, and their roots laid bare by the furious mountain torrent; others are hacked, hewed, and mutilated in every conceivable manner, by the blunt hatchets and axes of the natives. They call in most appealing terms upon the powers that be, to protect them against such wanton, ruthless destruction.

My blood has often boiled with indignation at the sight of a beautiful tree, whose noble stem had defied all their clumsy attempts at felling him with their axes, fired round the butt, half-burnt through, and then left for decay and storm to do the rest. Here and there a large monster lying half-rotten on the ground, shows what the end will be, and that

although slow, the effect is sure. Ilex and the regular English oak are the sorts found here ; not the same as in the Dragomestra district, where the Persian oak, which produces the valonee, chiefly abounds. Another difference is, that on the hills themselves no timber grows, except in the sheltered nooks and valleys ; for if all these hills are not actual rock, which is often the case, the heavy rains seem to have washed every particle of alluvial soil into the intervening little basins, leaving on their tops and exposed sides, naught but a cold, barren, greyish sort of sand, where nothing but squills and the very poorest weeds can find growth. I am wrong indeed in saying that even squills grow much on places of this sort, it is chiefly on the rocky hills they abound, where in the torrents of rain, the rocks and stones arrest particles of soil in their downward course, and form a sort of bed, out of which a squill very soon grows, and once struck root he flourishes, till a pig roots him up.

I never could quite make out what peculiar fancy a pig had for rooting about squills. They never eat the bulbous roots ; but however it is, if there is a pig in the district, it is about a squill you are sure to find his marks. It is in these sequestered little lawns, these oasi in the wilderness, where both depth of soil and shelter are to be found, that the

branching monarchs of the forest flourish in primeval grandeur, forming a charming contrast to the rugged hills you have just come over, and a glorious place to halt and have tiffin, being protected alike from winds and sun, with a green sward to sit on, instead of thorns and stones.

But luncheon over up you get, and on to the work of the day. The next ravine is our beat; it is long and straggling, with not very thick covert, except at the upper end. I am afraid there is not much chance, this time. Avalona was not going to maintain its character for abundance of game. We remained there from the 9th to the 13th, four days, inclusive, and only saw altogether two pigs and two deer, killing one of each. The pig was a tremendous fellow, an old solitary boar, but so large, that after four men failing to move him, we were forced to leave the carcase, and be content with the head as a trophy, which same head, in stuffed indignation, grins at me now from the top of my press. Throughout the whole country there was hardly the mark of a pig to be seen: places which in former years used to be regularly ploughed with them, now remained as smooth and undisturbed as if such a beast as a pig was unknown. The deer seemed to have migrated also. The shepherds complained very much of the wolves. We heard one or two

night attacks on a fold near the vessel: yet wherever the brutes stuck themselves during the day, we searched for them in vain.

I was very near leaving my bones in Avalona as an offering to the pigs, for on the second day my horse, or pony, or whatever he may be, rolled over a precipice with me, and only old Charley who was walking in front of me caught him by the head as he went over, and held him like a man till I got clear of him, and up on the path, we should have had an exciting descent of four hundred feet into the sea: there was a cactus bush growing out of the hill's side about half way down, that might have stopped us for a moment, but except it, there was nothing to intercept the view till it was lost in the green depth of the sea below. I daresay it would not have been a painful death, but there is something more than usually awful in it, that I do not fancy—something peculiarly exciting to the nerves in looking down a dizzy abyss, and then finding that you are going over into it.

I remember once going through the very agonies of death, although the danger was nothing like as imminent as in the escape I have just described. It was in Persia, in the year 1850, on the march from Bushire to Shiraz, where the track, for I cannot call it a road, leads over one of the grandest mountain

passes it has ever been my lot to cross. I must here correct myself, for I am wrong in calling it a mountain pass, the country lies in plateaus rising as you go inland like the Ghauts in the Deccan. When you start from Bushire you march along an extensive level plain towards what appears to be a blue line of hills on the horizon; as the distance decreases the softness of the outline disappears, and the blue line assumes its true shape. When you get under it, a perpendicular wall of almost polished rock towers over your head, bounding the lower plain on which you are as far as the eye can reach, with apparently, an insurmountable barrier; the path leads on along the base, till a dark cleft or fissure in the wall of stone, too narrow to be dignified with the name of valley opens to your view. Into this the path leads, and here this wonderful ascent commenced. Hewn or worn out of the solid rock, is a narrow causeway barely wide enough for a laden mule, with holes worn into regular steps, like a cow-track in soft ground, by the feet of thousands of beasts of burden that have trodden it from ages past, and leads you at no very gentle gradient up the side of this ravine. A sheer perpendicular wall of rock above, high enough almost to shut out the sight of day; a sheer perpendicular precipice of rock below losing itself in the shades of a dark

and terrible abyss, and no parapet to save you from the effects of a single false step. Although it is fourteen years ago, I remember it now as vividly as if it was but yesterday.

I was just rallying after a fourteen months' bout of jungle and intermittent fever—those who have suffered similarly will understand better than I can describe, the state of one's nerves after such training. I was as weak as a cat: my strength, artificial, derived from the daily dose of sixteen grains of quinine. With a splitting head, I was glad to be let go through the daily march in the middle of the caravan, with my horse's head tied to one of the baggage mules. Luckily for myself, I had heard before of this horrid ravine, and determined to take the management of my own beast to myself. We were getting tolerably high up, when a halt occurred, occasioned by one of our number losing his head, as it is called—by the bye, he had never had either fever or quinine, to upset his nerves. However, he declared his inability to proceed: his firm conviction was that he should throw himself over the brink. I have heard of giddy nervousness assuming this form; the sufferer being seized with an irrestible longing to rush upon the very fate he quails at. He was taken off his horse and had to be supported during the remainder of the

ascent by a muleteer on each side. The mule in front of me was laden with two deal boxes which contained our canteen effects, and although not heavy were rather a clumsy load, as the boxes were three or four inches wider than was customary. I do not quite know how it happened, but going round a projecting angle in the hill the poor animal stumbled, and struck the corner of the box against the rock; the shock staggered him, and I fancy I can see the unfortunate beast now, and hear his cry of agony as he fell over the brink, the echo of the crash at the bottom being the last we ever heard of either him or his load! It lasted but a minute, but in a second you may live an age; it would have been a relief to screech were it not for very shame; but the rear part of the caravan pressed on behind, and on I went filling up the gap in our ranks to make way for those that followed.

Avalonia with all your wild beauty you are not in my opinion the place for shooting. Your coverts though vying with any others in beauty and variety of foliage, are too straggling, precipitous and far apart. Game of whatever species it may be, must have something to feed upon; and your sterile hills afford but a poor prospect of food to any animal that does not subsist upon sand and stone. To the wise professor you are rich in mines of geological lore,

of curious strata, and of fossil remains; richer still to the lover of nature in her alternated, wildest, and most picturesque of garbs; but to the blood-thirsty lover of the rifle you are poor and barren, and as such I shall not weep if I never see you again. During the week we picked up about four brace of snipe, and with them, one pig, one deer, and a good haul of fish with our net, we were forced to be content. On the morning of the 13th we unanimously decided that any further trial would be waste of time; I have since been, told that the good shooting ground for which I always heard Avalona was famous does not lie in the district that we went to, but is to be found in the gardens and coverts about the town; for this I do not vouch, I only give it as I heard it; let those who like to prove or disprove the fact do so; for myself I doubt it.

By 2 P.M. we were anchored off the town, about two miles from the shore, as it shoals a long way off. The whole of this district is under the Sultan's sceptre, and the town entrusted to the rule of a Constantinople Bey, a queer fellow by all accounts, sent here for his sins. The ladies enchanted with the idea of seeing real live Turks in a state of nature (I don't mean naked), landed as soon as our anchor had touched the ground. As in former days I had seen

quite enough of Turks and their belongings to satisfy every bit of curiosity that existed in my brain or mind, or wherever that inquisitive talent may exist, I was quite content to remain on board, and avail myself of the opportunity (as I had the ship to myself) of overhauling my photographic chemicals and testing their condition after their voyage out. I was in the middle of one of the most important tests, when I heard the mate step aft. I had reason to know his step, for this was our sixth year together, and he always called me for my watch ; well, he came aft, and thrusting his long body down the companion, reported " please sir, the gig is coming off." " The gig," quoth I, " any one in her ?" hoping she was only bringing on board a consignment of fresh provisions, " the ladies please sir." Flames and fury ! visions of crinoline capsizing my nitrate bath, pitching to the thirty-two points of the compass my precious light-abhorring mixtures, sweeping the yellow shades off my deck lights, and in fact, " playing old-gooseberry" with all my intricate, scientific arrangements dumbfoundered me. The ladies ! whatever can be the matter! I had reckoned in my own mind that just at this time they would be in wild wonder and delight at the gorgeous novelties in the Bey's harem, admiring his Circassian beauties, turning up their noses at the sooty Nubian slaves,

scalding their mouths with the fingals of black coffèe, making themselves sick with the long chiboukes, or choking their fair throats with the nargilehs, and without doubt totally scandalizing the dignity of the presiding eunuch by their unbecoming levity. I fancied I could hear the old scarecrow exclaim, "Staffer Allah!" which, *liberally* interpreted means, "God forbid that the women under my care should ever conduct themselves so."

Instead of which, to my astonishment, they were coming on board. Lightning was slow compared to the expedition with which I packed up my traps, and opened all the sky-lights, to get rid of the prevailing smell of ether. I got on deck in time to see them approach. Not a word, no laugh, gloomy silence, and long faces. Hallo! they have met bad weather somewhere. The Bey must have run away with one of them; no! they are all to the fore. Well, he must have kissed one or all, or proposed marriage to the lot, or done something extravagant. "In bow," "way enough," and up glides the gig alongside in masterly style; my wife had not forgotten her lessons in steering, whatever had happened. They came on board. "Well, what is the row?" They had gone to the Turkish bazaar to feast their eyes before going to the Bey's harem, an entreé to which had been

provided in the shape of private letters to his serenity, inscribed after the custom of Turks, in a series of pot-hooks and dots backwards. In the narrow streets of the bazaar they were making their way through the listless, idle throng of veiled women and bearded followers of the prophet, when a youth tumbled up against them, his face a mass of pustules and scorbutic eruptions (excuse the nasty names, fair reader, but one must describe the fact); another and another followed, until their attention being directed to the circumstance, they perceived that all the rising generation were in like condition. "What could it be?" An effort of nature to get rid of all the bad humours of the youthful Mussulmen? a miracle of the prophet's to cleanse the blood of the juvenile true believers? Allah il Allah! Mahomed il Rassoul Allah! (God is God! Mahomed is the Messenger of God!) could it be the small-pox? Horrors! it was! and there were these young miscreants, in the highest and most infectious stage of the disorder, disseminating its virulent poison through the crowded streets! This awful pestilence was raging in Avalona at the time. The number of deaths was fearful: almost every house was visited by the dire disease, which was literally decimating the rising population! Yet the listless authorities,

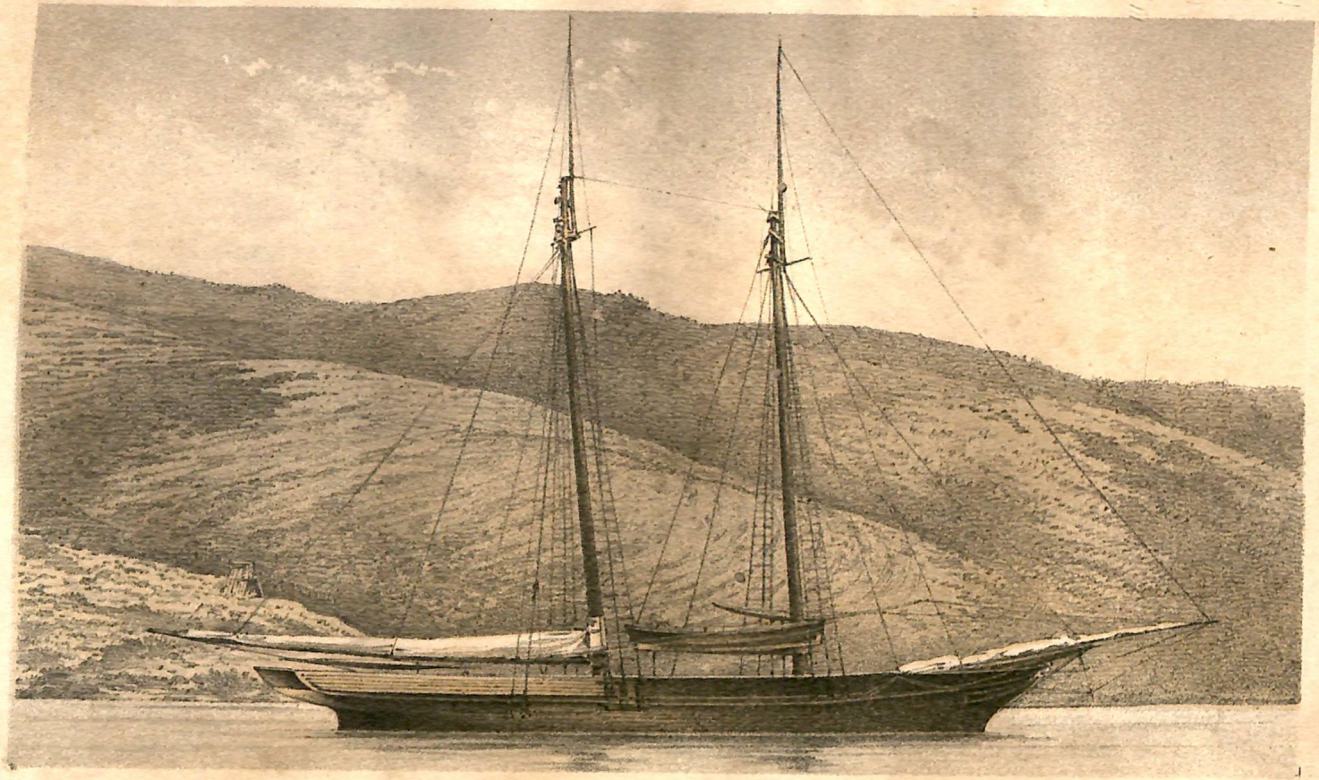
true to their fatalist creed, curled their fat persons on their divans, smoked their chiboukes, and, having repeated the only prayer (if it can be called such) that I believe a Mussulman knows, "Allah il Allah, &c.", left the scourge to spread how and where it liked. "Heaven helps those who help themselves" is a motto that would undermine the Turkish faith. It was the decree of the blessed Prophet whose body hangs between heaven and earth, that the town should be scourged by small-pox—and scourged it was. Little wonder then that the ladies fled from the very seat of pestilence, and came on board in such a hurry. To give them their due, they were more disgusted than frightened, and tiffin soon restored their serenity, strengthened as they were by the promise, that as soon as the rest of the party came on board, we would seek our old home—the sea.

At 6 P.M. the gig was again reported, and brought on board the remainder of our party, who had risked the infection to lay in a store of Turkish tobacco, for which Avalona is rather famous. They brought off the melancholy news of the death of Mr. Blakeney, the British Consul, that day, from small-pox. Poor fellow! his was a lonely lot, with a miserable remuneration of £50 per annum. This was our fourth visit to the town of Avalona, and

yet on but one occasion had we been able to see him; each time he was prostrate with fever and ague, for which the town and its environs are a regular hot-bed. I may be fastidious—but I think I should prefer breaking stones on a road to holding such an office. He died as he had lived, uncheered by any friendly voice.

It was nearly a flat calm when we got under weigh, and we did not get outside the gulf till 11 P.M. when we found a strong N.E. breeze with a heavy sea. In the middle watch it came on squally; took in jib, fore-sail, and double-reefed the main-sail. Here again the two composants took possession of our topmast heads; but with none of the bad consequences of which they are supposed to be the fore-tellers. By 8 A. M. we were inside the island of Corfu, and hauled in for Trescogli, where we intended to have a day's shooting or so, and try to make up for our ill luck at Avalona. However, when we got near it, we found that the wind was too straight in, and causing too heavy a sea to be very safe lying. So we kept away again, and jibing over, ran past Butrinto, rounded the point of Cape Stilo, a few miles to the south'ard of which lies the lovely little harbour of Fettilia, and in it we were quietly anchored by 10 A.M. The passage in is somewhat blind. Port Vathi, lying just to the

North, (between it and the Cape) might easily be mistaken for it by one unacquainted with the coast. The entrance to it is marked by a small island, presenting a nearly perpendicular white front as you come in. Steer in past this island, keeping it on port side, and passing between it and a low promontory, on which are the stone remains of an old hut, a few minutes will open the harbour on the starboard hand. When you clear the point put your helm hard to port. The entrance is narrow, but the harbour widens as you get in. and you may let go your anchor when you like. The port lies within eight miles of Corfu citadel, about E. by compass. It is a beautiful little place ; the coverts vying with those of Trescogli in richness and variety of foliage, come down on two sides of the harbour to the water's edge. The other side, for it is a sort of triangle in shape, affords variety, if not beauty, in a barren rocky hill, squills being its only covering. There are a few flocks in the district, but it is chiefly used as a harbour of export for firewood, of which to judge by the numbers of Tribacalos employed in the trade, the inhabitants of the town of Corfu must consume a considerable quantity. Butrinto is the only other source of supply of this commodity that I could see along the coast, at least of any importance. Livitazza and Pagagna, it is true, supply a



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YACHT IN FETTILIA HARBOUR.

small quota, but their exports are chiefly fish and game from the former, and half-starved cattle from the latter.

Here we found our old gang of beaters that on our former visit had occupied the district of Pagagnà; and trumps they were. In all my experience of Albanian beaters I never saw any fellows work as hard as these did; and glad I was to see Mr. "Kito" and my old, one-eyed, white pony standing on the shore as we got in. We were soon ready for a start. We had landed and our rifles were loaded, within twenty minutes after the anchor had found the bottom. We proceeded inland to a lot of straggling, scrubby, "wait-a-bit" thorn coverts; finding during the day in the five beats we made, five pigs, and seven deer, besides jackalls; but we only killed one fox—masters of hounds listen to that "we *only* killed—shot of course—one FOX." Is not sacrilege child's play to such a cool confession? and yet we thought it a very poor bag and would have killed more foxes if we *could*. O tempora! O mores!—well, as an excuse for only killing the *one fox* we plead that the coverts were straggling and difficult to surround, and the game, of which there was no scarcity, were pleased to be peculiarly contrary, so that few shots were got, and those, snap ones.

Monday 16*th.*

We commenced with the coverts about the harbour, following those along the sea board to the south'ard in the afternoon—these are all evergreen coverts, except where they run up to the brow of the hills where the thorn reigns paramount. We beat our usual number, five coverts, and found during the day, ten pigs one deer, and one jackall; our bag was three pigs.

Tuesday 17*th.*

Cold bright morning, ice on the puddles, went to some coverts further to the south'ard near to Kotarto, or *Katito* as it is pronounced. In the first, two pigs were found, but they got away without being fired at; second covert two pigs found and one was killed; third, blank; and after beating it the dogs showed such signs of weariness that we gave up and returned on board, and on summoning our council of war it was determined to go to Livitazza for small game shooting to give them a couple of days rest.

Wednesday 18*th.*

Under weigh at 4 A. M., as usual nearly calm; by 12 we drew down to the Bacchante Flat, and as it then fell a dead calm we left the vessel to get in how she could, and took to the boats. "R." and our friend pulled off in the cutter to the marsh for

snipe, and I descended into the punt to try what I could do with the wild-fowl along the bank. I found a fair lot of widgeon on tide (as one would call it in this country), but in the still and glassy calm it was not easy to get near them. I killed however seven and a-half brace of widgeon, and getting into Livitazza bay about 6 P. M. found the schooner anchored. The snipe shooters were not long after me; their bag being eight brace of snipe, one duck, one teal, and a brace of pigeons.

Thursday 19th.

I went off in the punt to the same ground I was on yesterday; the others went to the Bacchante marsh to try for duck, as they had found the snipe on the other marsh very scarce. I began, and I may say nearly lost all my day in a long chase after five swans, the beggars bringing me nearly across the channel to the island of Corfu, as they swam nearly as fast as we could pull the punt. (It was not a nice place to be caught out in a punt if "a borer"* came on). At last my perseverance was rewarded; getting tired of swimming they began to flap, which was the exact crisis I had so long desired, as at the long distance they were off, fir-

* "Borer" is the Ionian term for a N.E. wind, which knocks up a very nasty sea in the Corfu Channel; and from the suddenness with which it comes down is the most dangerous wind for small or open boats.

ing at them in the water would be next to useless. At 300 hundreds yards I let drive and had the satisfaction of stopping one; another long chase after the cripple followed, but fortunately he brought us back the way we came, and by the time we captured him we were nearly on the shooting ground again: between that and 4 P. M. we picked up three brace of widgeon, a brace of teal, and a sea-pheasant; the others then joined me out of the marsh, bringing with them four brace of widgeon, a teal, and a sea-pheasant. Together we proceeded to the pigeon cave, and posting them in a crevice outside, Jack and I went inside with the punt and there awaited the return of the unsuspecting pigeons to roost. They were only to fire at the birds coming out, and thus by playing into each others hands we hoped to make a fair bag; however, our united efforts only secured seven brace of pigeons, and with them our small game bag closed for the season.

Friday, 20th.

Under weigh at 4 A. M. and by 11 we were again anchored in Fettilia; we found our beaters with their dogs all waiting for us, and forthwith landing we beat the same coverts as on our first visit. 1st. blank; 2nd. I got a shot at a fox and missed him. One of the men shot a calf in mistake (he said) for

a jackall. I am sure I do not know how it was, as it resembled no wild animal that I ever met; however, he paid the penalty for his *gaucherie* by being "ba-aed" and "bo-oed" at for the remainder of the voyage. I was at first afraid that if the animal belonged to any of the natives we might get into a row about it, but it turned out a matter of no consequence, as the whole of that district was leased to the contractor who supplied the Corfu garrison with beef. That gentleman purchased his herds of oxen, heifers, and old cows, in the plains of the Danube, and drove them down a three months' march, to get fat or thin as the case might be, on the hill pastures opposite Corfu, and hence a weekly supply of these animals was shipped over to the island. Pagagna was the great shipping port for the district, but I have often seen consignments of live beef going over in the wood-boats from Butrinto and Fettilia. The case of the mother of this calf was, what is called in this country when the term is applied to one of the human family, "a misfortune," so that our good sailor unwittingly benefited the garrison by ridding the mother of the charge of her offspring, and thereby giving her a chance of being in better order for the knife than could otherwise be expected.

In the third covert the skipper shot a jackall, and one pig was seen. In the fourth nine pigs and two

deer were found. I got a snap shot at a pig in covert and broke his hind leg, but it was only through the aid of the Albanian dogs that we bagged him, as they followed up the scent of blood and brought him to bay. This was the instance in which our friend got mauled by running too hurriedly to finish off the pig, the dogs turned on him and bit him badly through the leg.

Saturday 21*st.*

We went a good way off to the coverts about Kotarto. On the march we came across a couple of deer, and at them a volley was fired by all hands at a distance of not less than 500 yards, which they gracefully acknowledged by hopping off over the hill. In the first covert we found a lot of jackalls, and one was killed ; in the second, a pig and jackall were seen, but neither killed ; the third was a very large unmanageable one, two pigs and two deer were found, but we could not get a shot at them.

The fourth covert was worst : it was a regular forest, of miles in extent, which took more than three hours to go through the form of beating, but it was only a farce. I was posted on the brow of the hill towards which they beat, in a nice sunny sheltered spot, where after waiting for about an hour, I fell asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a tremendous crashing coming towards me. Sleep

vanished in a second. Breathless with excitement, I cocked both barrrels of my rifle, and gazed intently into the bushes. On they came, smashing through the jungle. I thought I was about to be recompensed for my individual ill-luck during the season. Visions of a right and left, with two mighty boars biting the dust, passed before my fanciful brain. But, alas ! how soon to be dispelled by a herd of cows, who, frightened by the dogs, charged through the covert to gain the open ground.

This finished the day and the expedition. Some time during the night we were again anchored in Corfu Roads.

CHAPTER VIII.

Painting and Shooting—The Corfu Fleet—Shooting Etiquette—Photograph the Albanians—The Ladies' shyness vanishes—Thanksgiving for Deliverance—The Albanian's Telegraph—Rifles *versus* Smooth Bores—Our last day's Shooting—Julio and Spot—Paliocastritza—Homeward Bound—Victor Emanuel's Birth-day—Lisbon.

On the morning of Sunday 22nd, packets of hateful letters greeted my waking optics; gloomy accounts from the Emerald Isle, reiterated again and again the mournful warning to my stinging conscience that it was high time for me to leave the land of wild pigs, and repair to that of the tame ones. Yet, still, the vessel had to be painted; if the whole of Ireland were in rebellion, she could not be taken home in the plight she was; "never had as much as a brush of paint since she left"—so argued the wily skipper who loved the sport nearly as well as I did; and so I, only too ready to be persuaded, agreed that for the vessel to remain in her present condition would be an awful sin, an outrage too gross to be contemplated. The ladies were even amused at their blindness in not having perceived

the crying evil sooner. The small-pox at Avalona had made them look upon the Corfu scarlatina as simple child's play, so they determined upon taking up their abode on shore, leaving us to have our wicked will of the nasty paint, and as from many considerations it appeared evident that shooting was conducive to painting, we decided that the operation should take place at Trescogli. One day while we were waiting for the ladies to land, I got a loan of the bathing-house near the San Nicolo steps, and going there with my photographic traps I got two or three views of the citadel, roads, etc.

Wednesday 25th.

There was a fuss, the ladies transferring themselves and their belongings ashore. By 5 P. M. we were anchored in Trescogli.

Thursday 26th.

Cold calm morning. The "L——k" came in while we were at breakfast, and on landing we found beaters waiting. Julio had changed his tactics: I suppose Marco had made an humble apology, or offered something handsome, for this time Apostoli was not forthcoming, and it was Marco with his men and dogs that greeted us on the beach. I was glad to see the old fellow again; all his gang were old friends, even the dogs remem-

bered us. But as the "L——k's" party were not ready, I thought I would amuse myself by at least trying to find out what had brought them so suddenly into favour again, so I asked Julio what had become of Apostoli, "Oh, sar, dat fellow no good—me no like him. When dat big cutter come last time we here, he send half his men to dem, and when I ask him where they gone, he say he no spare them from the sheep. No good, sar, no good, to tell lie like that." This certainly was the case. The day the "B——" came in, our beaters were lessened by half, and when we expostulated, the excuse was that the ewes were lambing very fast, and that the men could not be spared from them. When the shooting was over and we were waiting on the beach for our boats, Julio smelling a rat, went over to where the "B——'s" party were waiting also for their boat, and there discovered the missing men of Apostoli's gang. This was perfidy too gross for Julio's hot blood; a row ensued—by a row I mean a lot of loud talking, for they are too polished to hit in Albania, they only strike secretly with the knife when provoked beyond measure. However, the upshot of it was that Apostoli was dethroned, and Marco reigned in his stead. This day we beat the coverts along the coast towards Butrinto point; we saw no pig, but killed three deer.

"Be careful, please, sir, where you touch, the mahogany work is all varnished," was the mate's greeting as we came on board. One of "the Corfu fleet" came in at dusk; this was the name given to all the small garrison yachts. I believe Mr. Taylor is the happy owner of the greater number, if not of the whole fleet, which he hires to the officers quartered there. Without a yacht or boat of some sort there is no shooting to be had, so that there is no fear of their being unlet; they run from ten up to twenty-five tons, and considering their size have very fair accommodation: each is provided with a pair of sweeps, and manned by Greek sailors. Without sweeps, in the constant calms, they would be of little use, as an officer's whole leave would often be spent in getting over to the shooting ground.

What will become of the Corfu fleet when the English leave, must be, I should think, rather a doubtful question, and unless Mr. Taylor can complacently contemplate their being sold for firewood, one which it would be difficult to answer. I do not think in his most sanguine mood, he can hope that the Greek officers will keep yachts for shooting. For my part, I hope they will not: as I rather look forward to one good result from the annexation: and that is, that the game on the Albanian coast

will increase three-fold, when undisturbed by constant inroads from the members of the garrison. Some of the yachts are really very nice little boats, but others are perfectly unique specimens of naval architecture. The Lord High Commissioner's yacht is the worst of the lot: she is a top-sail yard schooner, of about twenty tons, though from her appearance over the water, you would rate her as at least double that measurement; such a soup-plate in the shape of a vessel, I never saw. Most of the small cutters are built on her lines; and certainly I think the name of their builder and designer should be made public, if not for the benefit of future yachtsmen, at least to serve as a warning to them.

Friday 27th.

After breakfast I took my photographic gear with me on shore; and when the "L——'s" party landed, I grouped them all on the beach, placing the Albanians sitting with the dogs in front, and I was fortunate enough to get a very good negative of the whole party. It is seldom in taking a group of a large number, with animals among them, that one succeeds in getting all to remain motionless, let the exposure be ever so short, but in this instance I did, so far at least as I can discern from either the negative or the prints. The party being immor-

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START FOR PIG SHOOTING.

talized, we proceeded to the business of the day, intending to commence with the large covert over Butrinto lake. On the march thither a small pig was put up out of a little patch of jungle : whereupon a regular Battle of Waterloo commenced. Many were ready to swear that they had hit him, and badly too, but piggy did not seem inclined to think so, as he went over the hill as merry as a lark. Arriving at our destination, we found the party from the little yacht in the act of beating the covert. This was without doubt disgusting, and certainly did not redound to their credit ; for as members of the garrison, they could not plead a new comer's excuse of ignorance, but must have known well the old established, and I must add, seldom infringed, rules of the district. In former years, I made it a rule never to disturb the coverts of Fettilia, considering them the peculiar right and property of the sporting portion of the garrison. They were the nearest coverts to the island, affording therefore more available chances of sport to the officers quartered there, than those lying at a greater distance, and three days being the usual term of their leave, I thought it would have been unfair of me, who could dispose of my time as I liked, to poach upon the only coverts where they could get a three days' beat within easy reach. For my forbearance,

little as it was, I was duly thanked, and got many valuable hints about more distant places. In the present year, of which I write, the case was different, as I was informed upon reaching Corfu, that the officers had nearly ceased to frequent Fettilia, on account of the difficulty they found in mustering sufficient dogs to beat the intricate coverts there. Whereupon I voted it a fair field for our efforts, and certainly from the quantity of game we always found there, it appeared that it was less beaten than any of the other districts. Be that as it may, I certainly in no single instance ever broke what I was given to understand, when first I went to Corfu, was the established rule ; and that was, if when on coming into a harbour, you found a party already in possession, you should leave it and go elsewhere, or wait on them, and finding out their plans, arrange yours so as not to clash. Of course, on finding them in possession of the covert, we went off to another, where we found a deer and a jackall, and killed the latter. We saw five deer during the day, but the jackall was our only bag. The baby pig of the morning was the only representative of his species that we found. Throughout the day we could find no marks, which looked very like the pig exodus having begun.

Saturday 23rd.

Landed early, bringing my photographic gear with me again, also a print of the group I had taken the day before, as a bait for the Albanians; intending if I could, to get portraits, not only of themselves, but also of their women kind, whom they are rather shy about showing. They were highly pleased at the picture, and went into ecstacies as each one recognised himself. At length, of their own accord, they sent up to their huts for their women. This was a quicker result than I had anticipated, for I was far from sure that they would have allowed their women to come at all. Well, in due course they did arrive, and their excitement and pleasure far exceeded the men's. Excuse me, ladies, but if you do not feel more, you can at least display your feelings better than we can. The novelty of the picture having worn off, they began to scrutinize the apparatus. The camera, standing on a tripod, with a black cloth thrown over it; the square developing tent, covered also with black calico; the numerous odds and ends of queer-shaped uncanny-looking articles, which I had purposely disposed for view, mystified their minds and excited their curiosity to a most amusing extent, till at last they proposed to Julio that I should make a picture of themselves This was exactly what I wanted, but

I was afraid to trust them yet, feeling sure that in the most critical moment, when they were all told to stand still, they would be seized with a perverse panic—make a bolt of it, and destroy my hopes in the very moment of success. So I determined to try and fence them with their own peculiar tactics. Accordingly, feigning utter indifference, I said that it was a very difficult matter, and that the sun, which did the whole business, would never make pictures of any but pretty ones. I cannot say that Julio translated my words literally, but whatever he did say, set them all wild, and they each swore that individually they were expressly intended to be made pictures of by the sun; at least so Julio rendered their reply, and they now became clamorous to be taken at once. I then focussed the camera on one, and made the others come and look at her; when they saw their companion turned upside down in the glass, there was no limit to their ridicule. It never occurred to them that if they were seen through the same medium they would appear in the same way; oh! no, it was some personal peculiarity of the lady in question. I then put one of the others to stand, and let her look, and she lost no time in turning the tables on her former jeerer. "Your clothes will be over your head," she screamed, an occurrence which the other, remembering the

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ALBANIAN GROUP,

TRESCOGLI.

upside-down position; thought not at all unlikely, so she instinctively clutched them round her knees. I wonder whether this was an original idea of hers, or whether she had seen the caricature in "Punch" of the old lady who was going to get her likeness taken, dreading the same result, and tying her clothes about her ancles. Original or not, the idea convulsed the men with laughter; and as this merriment banished every symptom of shyness that had existed, I commenced work; first getting a boy and a girl to stand together, and so on till I got all the women in a group. This large group, however, was not so successful as some of the smaller ones, for one of the women began to move, and I was obliged to cut short the time of exposure. I do not think photography ever does justice to portraiture; and certainly in the present instance it has not done justice to the Albanian ladies. Were it not for the thick layers of grimy dirt, there was only one among the number who could not lay claim to real beauty. It was this plain individual who moved and made a smudge of her face; probably prompted to the act by her good taste, not caring to be handed down to her *coming* posterity, as the ugliest of the party.

Their shyness vanished, and the difficulty I had to contend with now was to restrict my operations—

they each would have a separate portrait, which I was by no means willing to give, as we had some shooting in view. From being shy they got bold; the reaction had set in: the camera was nearly capsized by their unrestrained inquisitiveness, and then, horror! and destruction! they set upon my tent—my sanctum sanctorum—my sensitive collodion, the receipt for concocting which, I had paid dearly for in Venice, to the first professor of that mysterious art, not two years before; my nitrate bath, rich with the spoils of silver, and perishable with one gleam of light, my developing mixtures, my —but it is useless to enumerate them, precious and unreplaceable as they were, left to their rude embraces; the idea was intolerable. None but a photographer can appreciate my agony. At the risk of being considered rude, bearish, wanting in that gentle forbearance which the peculiar charm of woman should engender in man, as a last resource I had to appeal to their husbands, fathers, lovers, and brothers, (no doubt wrongly termed lords and masters) to rescue my treasures from their investigations—the very intimacy and freedom of those, which but a short time before I had looked upon as a much-to-be desired, yet almost hopeless prize, I now prayed to be rescued from; and were it not for the ready assistance which cleared

the camp and bundled the beauties off to their huts, my future photographic prospects, would without doubt, have been irretrievably ruined. If English ladies only saw the "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re" style in which an Albanian gentleman regulates his domestic concerns, they would, I feel sure, be lost in admiration of the system, and recommend its adoption in their own immediate circles. However, whether that peculiar style would be approved of or not, I must say a word about my brave champions, as a sort of thanksgiving for my safe deliverance. I have read of them as mean, lying, cowardly ruffians—well, in common with other wild, uncivilized eastern nations, I will not deny that if provoked, or badly treated, these amiable characteristics will be discovered latent in them; but I will not admit, that because these qualities can be stirred up and brought to light, that the above is at all a true description of them; nor do I think it redounds more to the credit of the discoverer—the fact of his having discovered these traits—than to the parties in whom they are discovered. "Civility begets civility"—"if you smile at the world, the world will smile at you;" for my own part I like them, I see a great deal more to admire than to deprecate in them, and I shall be delighted if my fate again throws me in company with Messieurs

Marco, Apostoli, and Kito, with their respective clans. They are first-rate beaters, and would be much better if they were not quite so fond of talking. Bye the bye, this reminds me of a curious accomplishment, quite a national characteristic peculiar to Albanians, and that is, their habit of carrying on a conversation when at a great distance. They cannot say their say when they are near each other, but must always wait till they get to the top of two hills to begin to talk.

You march along after your Albanian guide and meet another, they may perhaps kiss, clasp hands, mutter a few words, and pass on, or, not unlikely, pass without the slightest notice. On you go and forget that you met anybody, when suddenly on arriving at the top of a hill your guide turns round and sings out (they have splendid voices) "Oh! Georgio, Georgeo-o-o-o," or whatever his name may be, spinning out the last syllable to great length; indeed I believe it is by the stress and the period that they dwell upon the last syllable that the word is known; the echo has hardly died away before you hear the answer—talk has begun and you had better sit down, unless you do not mind proceeding alone, for move they will not until their say is over, and you may have to exercise your patience for half an hour. They are as long-winded as some of

our parsons, and I only hope for their own sakes they are not so prosy ; there is no question that this long talking propensity is a great bore, not only for the loss of time, but the row the beggars make is enough to disturb every head of game in the country.

The extraordinary quickness with which the news of any remarkable occurrence is thus passed from hill to hill, is a well-known fact. Most of the principal actions in the Crimea were reported in Corfu days before either the telegrams or official accounts arrived. Folks were at a loss to know whence these reports came—laughed at and disbelieved them till experience taught that they were if not wholly true, at least founded upon fact. Upon enquiry it was found that it was from the Albanian hills they arrived ; how they got there deponent sayeth not, certainly by no round-about course, as they reported occurrences often not three days old. One day I remember while we were shooting, we were told of a great engagement having taken place between the Turks and Montenegrins ; it was not till ten days afterwards that the regular reports of this battle reached Corfu.

But to go on with the shooting, which was not much. After tiffin—for the Albanian ladies had occupied the whole morning—we proceeded to

the covert near Santa Quoranta, but there only found a solitary hare, which we slew; it seemed hopeless indeed remaining longer at Trescogli for shooting; all the pigs had disappeared, and we had pretty nearly accounted for the deer that remained.

In the morning while the photography was going on we heard great complaints from Marco's people, of the damages the wolves had committed the night before upon their lambs. As the moon was at its full, R. and I determined to try if we could not bring some of these blackguards to book for their depredations, and accordingly invested in two lambs, agreeing with Marco that if the lambs survived the night's adventures he should take them back at the same price. We chose two lonely places in the middle of the jungle, open little lawns with convenient brushwood, to conceal ourselves and our rifles, and I felt pretty sure from what I knew of wolf nature, that we would not be long without a shot; and I am still sure had we been able to carry out our plans, we should have punished at least a couple of the grizzly rogues; but our good resolutions vanished in 'baccy smoke on deck, for the night came on teeming wet, and as we were not prepared to sit all night under drenching rain, we returned the lambs unhurt to their former owners.

The vessel had by this time been painted inside and outside, and looked as fresh and natty as if she had only left Cowes a week before ; a couple of days more to let the paint harden, and we should be ready to ship the ladies again. The "L——k" sailed in the evening for Corfu, but appointed to meet us on Monday in Fettilia. This evening closed our sport at Trescogli, and despite its thunder-storm and wait-a-bit thorns, I left it with regret.

Monday, 2nd of March.

According to appointment, although on account of a calm rather late, we appeared in Fettilia harbour, and there we found the "L——k" waiting for us, bringing us our letters ; those from the ladies urging our return—"the scarlatina was as bad as ever"—instead of which we went to shoot ; we saw a good deal of game during the day, but a fox was the only bag.

For the first time, I deserted my rifle and took to a shot gun, with B.B. cartridge, in the vain hope of thereby changing my luck, which had been bad all through the expedition. Although smooth bores are in just as common use about Corfu for pig shooting as rifles, I never fancied them ; but habit is everything, and a rifle was always my favourite. No question about it, smooth bores are deadly weapons when you get within proper range, so that your cartridge

does not burst before it strikes the animal; if it does, it is not much use for a pig, as the scattered grains on him only act as a spur. Deer are different. I have seem them killed by cartridges at a long distance, and sometimes hit with only a single grain. But to return to myself. My luck changed, but did not improve. A pig charged past me, distant not more than five yards; in confidence I poured my cartridges into his side, not even taking the trouble to raise the gun to my shoulder; to my amazement, he went off as if nothing had happened. Now if I had my rifle, I think I should have got him, because I would have taken more pains, and probably riddled his head for him; as it was, the cartridges passed through his body like two balls, but too near to burst, they touched no vital part, and off he went. Of blood there was plenty, and we tracked him a long way, but saw no more of his dusky form. And so ended the last chance I got in Albania.

Tuesday 3rd.

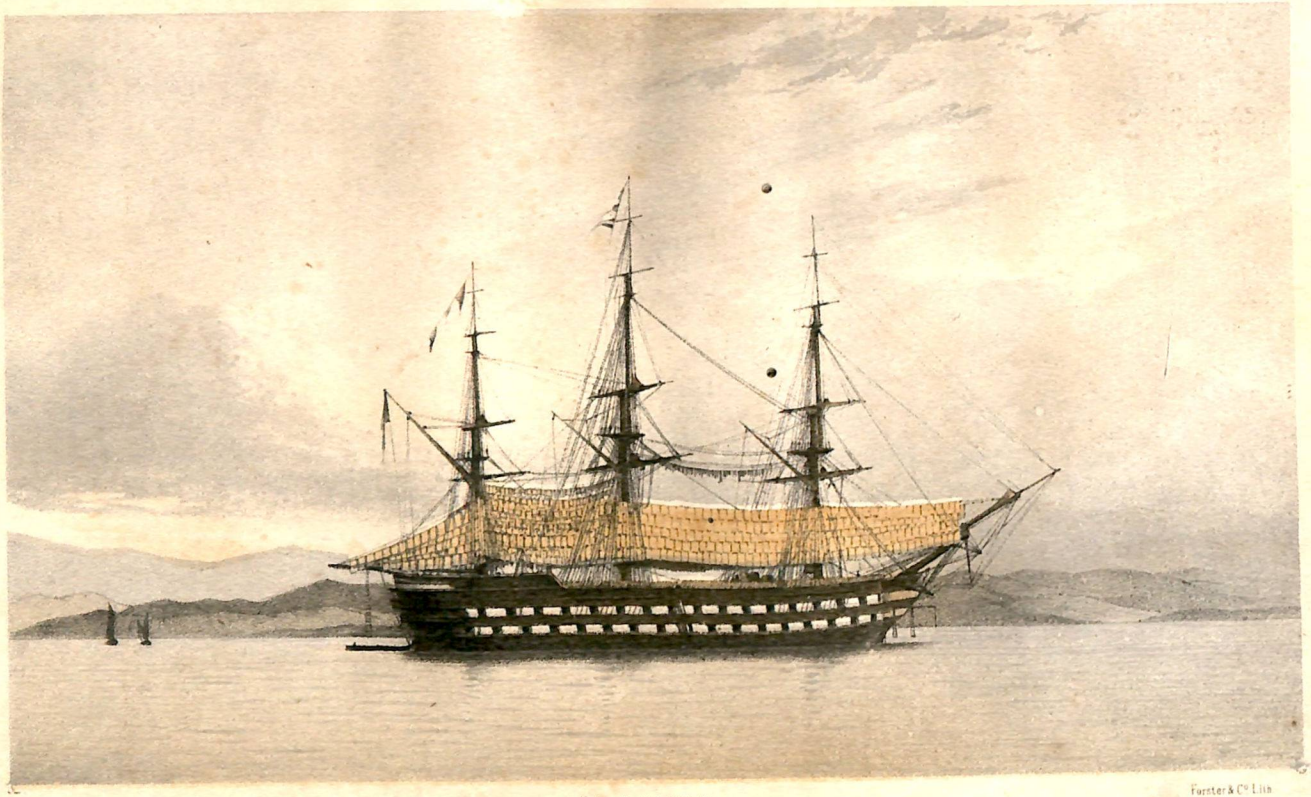
One of the Corfu fleet came in before we went to breakfast, bringing three more to join our party; and to make the last day more lively, another budget of English letters, with worse news from the Emerald Isle. Tenants were getting rusty because they could not enjoy their idea of tenant-right, which would seem to be living rent free on their farms, and being supported as well. A

threatening letter had cast an ominous slur on a district hitherto famous, and deservedly so, for the peaceful—(I may be wrong in using this word, as from ages past, the lads were always handy with their shillelaghs in faction fights, but as that was their own method of settling their little private squabbles, it showed no leaning towards agrarian crime ; well I won't argue about it, I will leave out "peaceful" and say) famous for the loyal character of its inhabitants. Matters had decidedly gone wrong. It now absolutely necessary that home I must go without delay ; and so we started for our last day's shooting. As if to tantalize us, the game were more plenty than ever. I had my usual luck, not even getting the chance of a shot. R. killed a deer, which constituted the bag, and closed ours, the sum total of which I give at the end.

The sky paid its tribute to our departing worth in teems of rain ; and we bade adieu perhaps for ever to the hills and jungles of Albania. The vacation was over, and the harness had to be resumed. The schoolmasters and tutors of our younger days—disagreeable animals they were—used to tell us that vacations were given to make us return with refreshed minds and more cheerful energy to our lessons. I know they always had the opposite effect upon me ; so far at least as

the resumption of the studies was concerned; the more I enjoyed the holidays, the less willingly I left them, and with a head full of all the fun I had had, I could give but little attention to the Greek and Latin, till the sharp application of the cane recalled my wandering wits. And so like a naughty schoolboy, in the present instance I must confess I felt very little inclination to return to work; but as inclination had nothing to do with it, we were anchored in Corfu roads by dark.

We found the ladies still safe from the dreaded malady, and the next morning before breakfast they returned on board. Then began the work of "pulling up our roots" and preparing for the voyage home. Clothes had to be washed, bills paid, provisions laid in—bad as the market was, we must eat—and many other arrangements made. Trap and Carlo we gave to our friend who had been on the Avalona expedition with us, as we did not appreciate the pleasure of their company on the voyage home, and were, therefore, only too glad to find a kind master for the little beasts who had done their best all the winter to show us sport. Robert was a clean little dog, and being a great pet of R.'s, he was allowed to retain his berth. Vido there was no question about: from his blind puppyhood he had belonged to the vessel, and was



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H.M.S. QUEEN. COBH. ROADS

looked upon as part and parcel of the same. I once did raise the question of leaving him behind, but as my wife immediately threatened the divorce court as a consequence, I gave up the point and avoided it for the future; although it did occur to me at the time that it might form a subject of discussion for the lawyers whether, as non-residents in England, we came within the provisions of the Act. I think the legislature paid a great compliment to Irish morality in considering it unnecessary to extend the jurisdiction of that court to our island.

Spot we gave to Julio—it would have been a shame to separate them: they worked in the most perfect unison in a covert, each understanding every movement of the other. Even now I can hear the well known, ringing cheer of Julio: "hi goo dawg," (strong foreign accent) then Spot's reply, a sharp "bow wow," which meant no doubt, aye, aye, old fellow, I'm looking out; and so we joined their fates, and left them to sail down the tide of time together. Julio was, without exception, the best man of his class I ever met; a keen lover of the sport, and an indefatigable beater. There are few of his race for whom as much could be said, and certainly if ever I am out on those hills again on a shooting expedition, my aim will be to secure his services.

Our last two days I employed in going about the island with my photographic gear, to obtain some views as reminiscences of the place which is worthily famed for its beauty ; the difficulty indeed, being rather to decide what not to take, than to choose a subject. Each turn of the road seemed lovelier than the last ; each peep through the olive groves at the deep blue sea below, discovered some new charm. The old Venetian harbour with San Salvador in the back-ground—the one gun battery —the view from Santi Decca—Govino—Gasturi—Paliocastritza — their name is legion, each vying with the other to please the eye of the beholder, and all of them affording charming objects for picnic and such-like expeditions.

Paliocastritza is perhaps the most favoured of the lot, and therefore the most frequented by the pleasure seekers among the English and the Greeks, where no end of cold lamb, chicken pies, lobster salads, etc. are annually consumed. In the hot weather it is much sought after as a cool retreat by the resident English families. The monastery, now only inhabited by two or three old Greek priests, is built near the top of the hill which presents its steep and rugged face to you on the far side of the bay as you approach by the road. From its elevated position it enjoys the advantage of catching

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VIEW IN PALIOCASTRITZA,

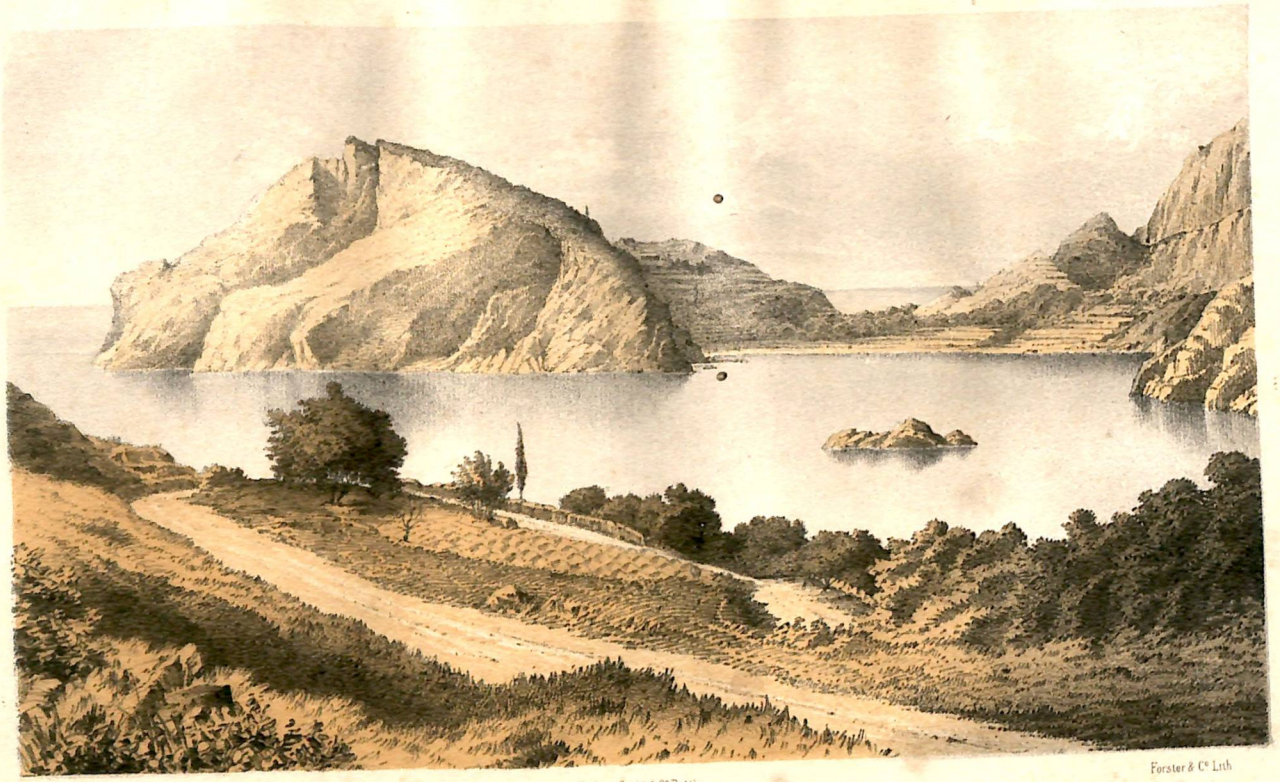
CORFU.

every breath of the sea breeze which is so precious in the sultry months of July, August, and September. In it some of the parboiled families quartered in Corfu, were fortunate enough one hot season to obtain accommodation, and from their report of its coolness and salubrity, every one of their hot companions wanted to go there the next season; so the place came to be known. Three or four bungalows were built adjoining the monastery to meet the demand, but so inadequate were they to the requirements that even a year's pre-engagement was necessary to secure a house for the summer months. Regard it in what light you may, as a summer residence or a pic-nic rendezvous, the most fastidious must allow it to be a charming spot, combining precipitous, rocky grandeur with the soft beauties, warm tints, and rich vegetation of southern climes. I must not omit the exquisite emerald tint of the crystal water as you look from the height above into the bay below, and see every stone and sprig of sea-weed clearly in the green depth.

Regarded as the object of a pic-nic expedition, were it even in itself devoid of all pretence to beauty, the eighteen miles' drive through the lovely olive groves would well repay you for your trouble; and

yet arriving there, you would consider that were the drive over a flat and barren wilderness the strange loveliness of the place itself, would amply compensate for twice the distance. To charm the antiquary there are I hear remains of some Roman fort, where something great took place, once on a time Cæsar peppered the Greeks, or the Greeks peppered Cæsar; but for an account of either of these doings, and of the remains, I must refer the reader to other authority. A pic-nic here occupied one of our days. When amongst others I succeeded in getting the two views of this place that I give herewith, both of them taken from the same place, where you first open the view of the bay, I tried to get a portrait of one of the old priests, but all my persuasion was vain, he evidently thought the "old gentleman" had something to do with the business, and stoutly refused to be immortalized. The two days were soon over, and the few views I got packed away. A month would have been a more suitable period to apportion to such an object, and I am sure I should never have regretted doing so, but while the shooting was going on it monopolized all our thoughts, and the last days stole upon us unawares.

My yarn now will not be long, for I am not going to bore my readers with the daily log of our voy-



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PALIOCASTRITZA BAY

age home, having I fear too severely tested their patient endurance with the voyage out.

Saturday the 7th,

Dawned in glassy calmness as if determined that we should not go. All day we lay with our mainsail set and our P. P. C. in the shape of a blue Peter at the fore, waiting for a breath of air to blow us homewards.

"Good bye"—"good bye"—(how I hate the word). "I hope we may meet again," were oft repeated—"not much chance of it at Corfu, for I suppose this is the last sight we shall get of the Union Jack upon the citadel flag-staff."

At 8 P. M. a light breeze sprung up and the last boat having shoved off we weighed anchor and started upon our homeward voyage.

Daylight of Sunday 3rd, found us still inside the island, beating down with a light southerly wind. By 2 P. M. we weathered the buoy on Cape Bianco and got out to sea.

2 P. M. of the 10th, found us under close reefs in a gale of wind beating up to cape Spartivento, strong in the hope that when we weathered him we should have a fair wind; a prospect that two days of heavy swell and head wind made rather acceptable. By 3 P. M. we weathered the cape, and were lying up well for the next point, when the wind flew in a

squall to the N. N. W. a head wind through the Straits of Messina, sent probably as a trial of patience, for with sick ladies on board and in a hurry home, it was not pleasant to find the wind head you at every turn. By degrees we dragged into the straits and were there deserted by the wind and left in a thundering swell, with strong, hard, calm, tumbling about, pitching and rolling as if the ship was daft.

On the Prince of Wales' wedding day we did not forget to drink the health of his welcome bride, to wish her long life and a happy sojourn amongst us, that Providence would shield her fair brow from every care, and enrich her with every blessing. Many is the health that was drunk to her that night, and many the warm wishes that went up on high from honest English hearts for her future happiness, but bold as the statement may seem, I will assert there were none more hearty, none more sincere, than those that ascended from our wave-tossed cockle-shell in the Straits of Messina; and perhaps no more fitting place could be found to drink health and happiness to one who may yet be the sovereign of the seas, than the cradle of the ocean. Whether she ever be or not, may God be with her.

Fair wind the next day, scudding along under crowded canvass; bright promise for the ladies of

Naples on Thursday morning. *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.* The sun set, dirty.

Thursday 12*th.*

Mine the middle watch. On deck at twelve; found a head wind and double reefs; teeming rain, and dark as the grave. By 4 P.M. we were hove to, under a trysail and standing jib within six miles of the island Capri, in a fierce N.W. gale. At daybreak on the 13th it moderated, and we got into Naples by dark that evening. Found several yachts lying inside the new mole.

Saturday 14*th.*

The vessels were all dressed in honour of Victor Emanuel's birthday. Tremendous saluting from all the ships in the harbour, which bye the bye broke the globe of our main cabin lamp.

Wednesday 18*th.*

We went to the Campo di Marti, to see the Neapolitan "Derby". Great diversion in seeing the manners and customs of the Italians; but I cannot say much for the racing.

Saturday 21*st.*

I put the ladies on board the "Vatican" steamer, of the "Messagerie Imperial," bound for Marseilles, and returning to our now deserted craft, we took our lonely way to sea. Squalls, composants, reefs, and rain for the first two days; then fine weather

and light fair winds for four days, brought us into longitude 0·33, W., or nearly to Cape de Gatte, where we found the old rule still to hold good, and met a head wind. A four days' beat was the consequence, bringing us into Gibraltar Roads by 8 A.M. of the 1st of April. The day we fell in with the head wind we had a nice square topsail breeze all the morning, about E.N.E. ; and we reckoned if it lasted, on being in Gibraltar within twenty-four hours. But we were doomed to disappointment, which was more acute, as the steward had just reported that all the fresh provisions were out, and what was worse, our bottled Bass (it must have been badly bottled) had from heat and shaking, got so sour as to be positively undrinkable. By these mischances we were reduced to champagne and preserved meats; the former I never fancied much, even iced on shore, and my relish for it was not increased by the facts that it was tepid, and I had no choice. The preserved meats were *épouvantable* ; such a sickening mixture of sawder and glue, it never was my lot to taste. Nobody can accuse me of either fastidiousness or daintiness ; I can make my dinner off purser's junk as well as any man—I have eaten camel in Arabia, horse in Crim Tartary, and *poulet aux champignons* in Paris, where I dare say I also ate both cats and rats, but I certainly never ate

anything so abominable as those preserved meats were. It was not one kind alone, for we tried dozens in despair, and they were all equally disgusting. My steward (who is as good a cook as I ever met) tried his art upon them, but in vain, the glue and sawder were undisguisable.

Well, we got to the Rock; bought fresh provisions, and at 4 P. M. of the same day were under weigh again, with a fair wind through the straits. By 7 P. M. of the 2nd we were off Cape St. Vincent, and there found the N.E. wind as usual along the coast of Portugal. By twelve o'clock of Saturday 4th, we beat up to the mouth of the Tagus; and then, as there was no appearance of a slant of wind, I determined to go into Lisbon, have a quiet Easter Sunday, and buy a monkey if I could find one. Lisbon is a great place for parrots, monkeys, and all those sorts of animals. The chief trade is with the Brazils, and hardly a vessel returns without bringing something of the kind with her. Its stock of pigeons is also famous; the finest birds I ever saw, pouters, fantails, tumblers, every description are sold in the market for food, the same as fowl. I always made it a rule when passing Lisbon on the homeward voyage, if I could, to go in and import a lot of pigeons to improve the breed at home.

Monday the 6th.

I was fortunate enough to find a young lady monkey of the ringtail breed, which I bought and christened "Sally" on the spot (she is at this present moment sitting upon a bull-terrier's back, who is lying in a half-torpid state inside the fender, picking, or pretending to pick fleas off his ear), and having filled up the large, and now empty, dog-box and the two hen coops with pigeons, and also having supplied ourselves with defunct members of the same species, to be converted by Neddy's skill into pies on future occasions; we proceeded to sea, and getting out of the river, we found the wind the same as we had left it. We now determined to make a long leg off the shore to see if there was no better wind to be found outside; and accordingly we stood off into 12 W. longitude, where if the wind was now and again fair, the weather was nothing to boast of: one day we were scudding under bare poles before a southerly gale, and six hours afterwards hove to under a trysail, in a blow from the N. E. At daylight on Tuesday 14th we sighted the Bishop lighthouse on the Scilly Islands, and the next day saw the old ship anchored again in Irish waters.

And so, kind readers, I make my bow, and take my leave, trusting to your indulgence, and not your criticism.

OUR BAG.

Pigs	10	Snipe	45
Deer	6	Plover	6
Jackalls	6	Pigeons	24
Hares	4	Swan	1
Geese	13	Bittern	1
Duck	54	Sea Pheasant	7
Widgeon	152	Bargander	3
Teal	102	Grebe Duck	4
Woodcock	203		

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